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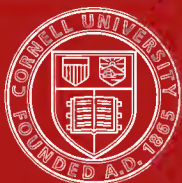
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A SHORT HISTORY
OF
THE ANCIENT GREEK
SCULPTORS

FIFTH EDITION.

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES IN
GREEK ART.

BY JANE E. HARRISON.

With Map and Ten Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"This admirable work has already reached its fifth edition. It has, indeed, every quality by which its immediate and continued acceptance could be assured. The established fame of Miss Harrison as a teacher of Greek Art, her finished scholarship, the eloquence of her style, and the felicity of her illustrations, all make the book as charming as it is instructive."—*Pilot*.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.



DISCOBOLUS, AFTER MYRON.

(From a bronzed cast at Oxford supplied by the Museum of Munich.)

A SHORT HISTORY
OF
THE ANCIENT GREEK
SCULPTORS

BY
H. EDITH LEGGE

WITH INTRODUCTION BY PROFESSOR PERCY GARDNER



LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1903

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P R E F A C E.

THIS short sketch of ancient Greek sculpture will, it is hoped, give to many who have never studied the subject some preliminary knowledge and certain main ideas which may add to the pleasure of visits to the various sculpture galleries in Rome, Paris, Munich, Berlin, and elsewhere—especially to the British Museum. For to an untrained eye a sculpture gallery presents only a jumbled collection of statues, while a trained eye and mind can distinguish the early from the later, those of the best period from those of the decline, can in a measure assign certain statues to certain schools, and even pronounce some to be copies of great originals by famous sculptors. To enter the sculpture galleries of the Vatican or the Capitol, the Louvre or the Glyptothek, is indeed a bewildering experience unless one knows the names of at least a few great Greek sculptors, and has some idea of when they worked and where, and of the difference between their styles. I have attempted also to give some account of certain of their master-

pieces which are now lost to the world, and have tried, as far as possible, to speak of statues as they first stood, fresh from the hands of their makers, in temples or the open air, not as they stand now, with a background of shelf and museum.

It is hoped, too, that this book may be used as a reader in schools, and thus supply the scholars with a foundation of knowledge which will prepare them for later reading and add interest to future travels.

I should like to express my sincere thanks to Professor Percy Gardner of Oxford, for his kindness in writing the Introduction, and for the fact that I owe my knowledge of Greek art to his lectures and teaching, and to the permission granted me by him to read in the Archæological Library of the University. My thanks are due also to the Rev. Robert Ewing for help given during the final revision, to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin for permission to use certain of his blocks for illustration, and to the owners of photographs who have allowed me to reproduce them.

HELEN EDITH LEGGE.

OXFORD.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM happy to accept the suggestion that I should with a few words introduce Miss Legge's book.

In the first place, having read the book in manuscript, I can affirm that it is trustworthy, giving a sketch of what is most clear and definite in our knowledge of Greek sculpture.

That it will be a very good thing to accustom young people to the healthful and beautiful forms in which Greek sculpture delighted, seems quite clear. For one thing, all educational reformers insist on the necessity of systematically accustoming boys and girls to use their eyes, to observe accurately and minutely. Those who are instructed in physical science learn to look at objects with care; but this point is neglected in literary education. To see rightly what is brought before the eyes is no easy matter; cannot, in fact, be done except as the result of training. Yet to have this power is an inestimable benefit all through life. But while it is a great gain to learn to look at

natural objects, it is in many ways even more advantageous to learn to look at and to admire good works of art. The dwelling upon these not only trains the faculties for observation, but also cultivates high mental and moral qualities, the power of seeing the ideal in the actual, love of pleasing forms and groups. It even encourages, as I think, gentleness of temper, equability, balance of mind and temper.

In many schools drawing from antique models is practised. It is one thing to draw merely by the eye without understanding, quite another thing to understand the historic bearing of what one draws. As a mere set of visible images, the statues of antiquity are familiar to many who do not understand how they came into being, to what schools they belong, what ideas they represent. A real knowledge of the antique involves not only the exercise of the hand but of the mind, and leads to a serious effort to see the human form in the same light in which Greek artists saw it. Michael Angelo and Raphael were not ashamed to call ancient sculptors their masters; and certainly they have a message for the twentieth as well as for the sixteenth century.

Perhaps of all classes of works of art, none is more fitted to form a healthy and simple taste than the masterpieces of Greek sculpture. They are easy to understand, perfectly free from exaggeration and mannerism, thoroughly harmonious,

embodying the principle of a sound mind in a sound body. Amid the almost universal ugliness of modern life, amid the nervous waste and restlessness of our surroundings, these ideal men and women, in their perfect proportions, their strength and their repose, seem to take us to another realm. I have known people suffering from worry and overstrain who would pass an hour among the sculptures of the British Museum and come away refreshed and calm. This is, of course, the tendency of all the highest literature and art. But compared with the art of Egypt and Assyria, that of Greece is humanly modern; compared with the art of Japan, it is noble; compared with the art of modern nations, it is infinitely simple, quiet, and dignified. It is classical, just as the plays of Sophocles and the Hebrew psalms are classical, because all of these appeal nobly to what is central in all men who are capable of appreciating the ideal.

To take full advantage of Miss Legge's teachings, the reader should go through them slowly, section by section, and try to impress them on the mind by visits either to the British Museum or a museum of casts, such as exist at Oxford and Cambridge. If no museum be near, something of the same advantage may be derived by bringing frequently before the eyes good photographs of classical sculpture. In a pamphlet called *Classical Archæology in Schools* (Oxford

University Press, 1902) I have given lists of diagrams, photographs, and other apparatus suitable for use in schools where attention is paid to the outward and visible side of ancient life.

I hope that to many this little book may be the door leading, if not into a new world, at least into a beautiful and noble province of the old world.

PERCY GARDNER.

OXFORD, *16th October* 1902.

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THE ANCIENT GREEK SCULPTORS.



CHAPTER I.

GLIMPSES OF EARLY ART.

THERE is no clear historical account of the beginnings of Greek sculpture. We must content ourselves with fables, picturesque legends, and vague tradition. Long long ago, we are told, there lived, first in Athens and then in the island of Crete, a man named Dædalus, full of marvellous powers. The very name Dædalus means "cunning workman." He invented many mechanical instruments, among them the axe, the saw, the wedge, the gimlet. He even, to his own sorrow, invented wings, as we hear in the sad story of his son Icarus, who, wearing the wings that his father had fashioned, proudly took flight over the Ægean Sea. Alas for poor Icarus! He flew too high, too near the sun, whose hot rays

melted the wax which fastened the wings to his shoulders. They dropped useless, and Icarus fell into the sea and was drowned. Dædalus however flew over to the mainland, and ancient writers tell of the works of art which he made in several places. His statues, they say, were so lifelike that they astonished all who beheld them; indeed they had to be fastened down, or they might run away. They walked, they saw with their eyes—in short, they appeared to live. Heracles once passed by a statue of himself made by Dædalus, and, thinking it was alive, threw stones at it in order to drive it away. What is the kernel of truth in these impossible stories? Surely nothing but this—that some early artist or school of artists began to carve figures more lifelike than those first rude images with limbs joined together in one mass, made out of blocks of wood. Their statues had the legs and feet separated, and the arms loosed from the body. This would seem a tremendous advance, marvellous enough in men's eyes to give rise to all sorts of extravagant stories.

The famous Dædalus had famous pupils, among them the noted Dipœnus and Scyllis, who came from Crete and betook themselves to Sicyon on the Gulf of Corinth. Some say they were sons of Dædalus, but the only son of whom one likes to think in connection with him is the hapless Icarus. They agreed to make statues of Apollo, Artemis,

Heracles, and Athena, for the people of Sicyon, most probably to adorn certain temples.

Perhaps they were a quarrelsome pair; anyhow, they became offended with the people of the city, declared themselves ill-used, and departed from Sicyon, leaving the statues unfinished. To the consternation of the city, a famine came upon it, bringing in its train all sorts of calamity. Of course the people thought that it was sent them by some god, and that he was angry at some offence which they had unconsciously committed. But in those days a Greek city, when in trouble, had always one resource: it could ask for enlightenment and help at the shrine of Apollo. So messengers were sent to the oracle at Delphi to inquire how relief could be obtained. The answer of Apollo was clear. "It will not come unless — Dipœnus and Scyllis return and finish the statues of the gods." The god's word was not to be gainsaid, so the two artists were brought back and completed their work. This story, however legendary, seems to point to one fact, that even in those early times—for Dipœnus and Scyllis flourished probably about the year 580 B.C.—artists were held in high repute as men of importance and standing. How else could the people have imagined that a god would actually trouble himself to interfere in a quarrel between a city and two sculptors, and say that they were the cause of a famine?

These sculptors seem to have worked in many places and in many materials. We hear of a group made for the temple of Castor and Pollux at Argos which represented those two heroes with their horses, their sons, and their wives: this group was made of ebony and ivory. Thus they united with wood a finer material in order to embellish their work. Here we see the first beginnings of what was to develop in the next century into the beautiful statues of gold and ivory, called chryselephantine statues. The rich King Cræsus possessed a Heracles, also an Apollo and an Artemis by them, which were carried off as booty by Cyrus, King of Persia, some years after. Their image of the goddess Athena in her temple at Cleonæ was seen by Pausanias about seven hundred years later. In fact, we are told that various towns—Argos, Cleonæ, Ambracia, Sicyon—were full of the works of Dipœnus and Scyllis.

Pupils of They seem to have had noted pupils
Dipœnus who carried on to greater perfection
and Scyllis. their development of wood sculpture,
and, not content with working in cedar wood and
ebony embellished with ivory, added also gold.

Two artists of Sparta, Dontas and Dorycleidas, made a group of cedar wood and gold representing Heracles fighting with a river-god before Zeus, Athena, and Ares: this group was preserved at Olympia for some centuries. Two other pupils of Dipœnus and Scyllis, named Tectæus and Angelion,

made a statue of the god Apollo, holding in his hand the three Graces, and we can still see on a coin of Athens a representation of this very image. There is the odd, stiff little statue holding in one hand a bow and in the other three minute figures which are meant for the three Graces. The greater part of the coin is taken up by Athena's owl, perched on a prostrate vase. Of course this representation, not an inch long, can give us no idea of the details of the statue, but we can just see by its stiff attitude that the art of sculpture is still in its infancy.

Another pupil of Dipœnus and Scyllis, also a Spartan, was Theocles, who made a group which one would greatly like to have seen. It consisted of Heracles and the nymphs called Hesperides, grouped beside the famous apple tree which bore golden fruit and which had the dragon wound round its trunk—all made of cedar wood.

Another artist, who is said to have
Smilis. lived at the same time as Dædalus, was Smilis of Ægina. He also was a traveller, as we hear that he made a statue of Hera for her temple at Samos, and a gold and ivory group of the Hours, which was preserved at Olympia; he also helped to construct the labyrinth at Lemnos.

The island of Samos lies in the
Artists of Ægean Sea, near the coast of Asia
Samos. Minor. There too the impulse towards art and beauty found expression. Three artists,

all related to each other, made a famous trio—Theodorus, Rhœcus, and Telecles. Of a statue by Rhœcus, which was placed in the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, we can form no satisfactory idea. It was in the form of a woman, and received the mysterious name of "Night," but no description of it has come down to us. The fame of these artists of Samos rested chiefly on the fact that they invented casting in bronze. "Rhœcus and Theodorus were the first to cast statues in molten bronze." Theodorus besides was famed for his gem-cutting and his work in gold. It was he who made the celebrated ring of Polycrates, the King of Samos. Polycrates had conquered the neighbouring islands and cities; he had a large fleet, and was so powerful and prosperous that Amasis, the King of Egypt, with whom he was on friendly terms, expressed himself alarmed at such continued good fortune. It would not last, he assured him, unless he gave up some cherished possession and flung it into the sea. Polycrates bethought himself of his most beautiful jewel, an engraved seal ring by Theodorus, and reluctantly cast it into the waves. Days passed, and the king mourned bitterly the loss of his precious gem, until one morning a large fish, newly caught, was brought as an offering to the monarch, and inside it was discovered his lost ring. Theodorus worked for two other kings: he made for Darius, the King of Persia, a golden vine with grapes of precious

stones, and for the rich King Cræsus, the famous King of Lydia, silver vases, which the king offered up to Apollo in the temple at Delphi. On one occasion in Ephesus he made half of a wooden statue of Apollo, while Telecles, remaining in Samos, made the other half, and the two halves, when put together, fitted perfectly. What a light this throws upon their method of working! They must have followed fixed rules, observed exact proportions, and produced a very mechanical-looking figure; indeed, we are told that it bore great resemblance to a symmetrical Egyptian figure.

But we must turn to another island,
Artists of Chios, where a celebrated family
Chios.

flourished through four generations. They were Melas, his son Micciades, his grandson Archermus; and Bupalis and Athenis, the sons of Archermus.

The quarries of Chios produced fine marble, very like the Parian, which was famous for its lustrous purity: it is therefore not to be wondered at that Melas and his descendants were sculptors in marble. Fortunately we have in the Central Museum at Athens a statue of Niké or Victory, which is believed to be the work of this very Archermus. It was found in the island of Delos, and the basis on which it probably stood bears an inscription containing the names of Micciades and Archermus; moreover, an ancient Greek writer states that Archermus was the first who made an

image of Victory with wings. It is just such a statue as one might expect to be produced at this early time—a quaint archaic draped female figure, apparently kneeling on one knee, but really intended to be flying through the air. The arms and the greater part of the wings have unluckily been broken off. In spite of its odd look, the geometrical pattern of the hair and the unnatural eyes, there is life in the face. The mouth is set in a violent smile; the artist evidently tried to make the expression realistic and vivid.

We have an interesting account of Bupalis and Athenis, the two sons of Archermus. They made many statues for various Greek islands, and in Delos their sculpture was inscribed with verses saying that Chios was not so celebrated for its vines as for the works of the sons of Archermus. One can hardly understand a curious statement about a figure of the goddess Artemis made by them, and placed in a lofty position in her temple in Chios. To those entering the temple her aspect was sad and severe; to those departing, her face wore a joyous expression. It is to be hoped that there is no truth in the story of their enmity to the Greek poet Hipponax, who flourished about the year 540 B.C. Hipponax was deformed and excessively ugly, and the brothers, by exhibiting a statue of him, either cruelly realistic or cruelly exaggerating his defects, exposed him to public ridicule. The poet, in great resentment, wrote

most bitter and satirical verses against them, which affected them so powerfully that it is said they were actually impelled to hang themselves!

It is a relief to turn from this tragic legend to a pretty love-story of this early time which has floated down to us, a story connected with the beginnings of moulding in clay. There lived in

Butades. Corinth a potter named Butades, whose

daughter perhaps inherited an artistic temperament, for, one evening, as she was sitting with her lover in the lamplight, she traced the outline of the shadow of his face upon the wall. Butades, seeing this, was struck with the idea of turning it into a portrait in clay. He therefore filled in the outline with clay, and thus invented clay modelling.

Passing over certain names of early artists, there is yet one whom we must mention. In Athens there lived a wealthy man named Callias, who was victor in the Olympian games in 552 B.C. For him, as we read on an inscription, the sculptor

Endœus. Endœus made a figure of Athena, which he dedicated on the Acropolis of

Athens. There is in the museum on the Acropolis a draped seated figure, headless, but with an ægis on the breast, which may well be this offering of Callias. There is a cast of it in the South Kensington Museum. Endœus also made a statue of Athena, which stood in her temple at Tegea. It was of ivory, and so pleased the

Emperor Augustus more than five centuries later, that he brought it to Rome, and placed it in his splendid marble forum. Endœus also made a statue of Artemis either of ebony or vinewood, which was set up in the temple at Ephesus.

But of the works of these early artists, of these men who trod the first slow, difficult steps of the pathway of Greek art, of their works, what remains? Where are the ebony and ivory horses and heroes of Dipœnus and Scyllis? Where are Theocles' nymphs and the coiling dragon guarding the golden apples? Where is the ivory Athena of Endœus? Where is the golden grape vine with its fruit of precious stones made by Theodorus for the King of Persia? Where is the group of cedar wood inlaid with gold—gods and the hero Heracles—dedicated at Olympia? Where are the gold and ivory Hours, by Smilis? All have vanished so completely that it seems almost impossible to believe that they ever existed except in fairy tales. But how can we expect otherwise? Wood is a perishable material; gold and ivory would tempt the avaricious; the ravages of war, fire, and earthquake would in course of time disperse and destroy these ancient treasures. What they actually looked like we can never know. But we must remember that in this early period in Greece, before 500 B.C., sculptors, whatever their materials, were only gradually feeling their way through rude attempts towards skill and truth of form.

Gathering up the threads of the narrative, what clear ideas do we receive? We see first that somehow or other the instinct of sculpture arose in these early Greeks—the instinct to carve a shapeless mass into a human form. This instinct arose in different places—in the islands of Crete, Samos, Chios, Ægina; in various towns of Greece itself—Sparta, Argos, Sicyon, Corinth; also on the opposite coast of Asia Minor, as we know from remains such as the Harpy Tomb. So art first spread from a few central points. Dædalus and his pupils developed sculpture in wood, and gradually beautified it with more exquisite materials, ivory and gold. The artists of Chios worked in marble, the artists of Samos worked in bronze, and gradually the work and methods of each school spread over all Greece.

But we may ask, What images did they carve? Whom did they seek to represent? Tradition tells us that it was the gods and goddesses whom they worshipped, and the heroes whom they admired. Of them they made statues and placed them with reverence in the temples sacred to them: Athena, Artemis, Apollo, Ares, Heracles, Castor, Pollux.

Thus behind the art of the ancient Greeks was their religion, the wish to do honour to their gods, to see their gods in visible form, and to place those forms in temples and shrines where all the people could behold and worship the deities represented in actual shape before their eyes.

CHAPTER II.

GODS AND GODDESSES: THE GREEK TEMPLE: EARLY ART—*continued.*

THE religion of the ancient Greeks was both beautiful and fantastic. Living in a land of mountain-ranges and valleys, fortunate in possessing a coast-line broken up by gulfs and bays, happy in sunshine and clear air, the people of Greece felt that the forces of nature were their friends, and their religion consisted greatly of a worship of these powers of nature which they thought of as personified in human form and endued with human feelings and qualities. Gradually there arose in their minds the conception of the twelve great gods and goddesses of Olympus, about whom it is needful to make a few remarks.

High on the summit of Mount Olympus these deities had their abodes, in a divine region of perpetual spring. Zeus, the greatest of them, the "father of gods and men," reigned supreme. Apollo, the god of light—the sun-god—also the god of song and music, was adored as the helpful deity, averting evil; and was worshipped too as

the god of prophecy, especially at Delphi, where his priestess uttered oracles. Hephæstus, the lame god of fire, was the "blacksmith god," and worked in his forge, making his wonderful works in metal. Ares, a fierce and strong divinity, was the god of war. Poseidon, the god of the sea, wielded a trident, or three-pronged spear. Hermes, shrewd and cunning, the herald and messenger of the other gods, went with winged feet on swift errands, bearing a staff entwined with serpents. He it was who conducted the souls of the dead down to the lower world.

Athena, the great goddess of wisdom, often represented as armed with helmet, shield, and spear, presided over the handicrafts and inventions serviceable to civilised life. Hera, the "white-armed, ox-eyed," was the bride of Zeus, and was worshipped principally at Argos. Demeter was the bountiful goddess of corn and harvest. The beautiful story of her sorrowful wanderings in search of her daughter Persephone was commemorated at the great ceremonies of Eleusis called the Eleusinian Mysteries. Aphrodite, who rose from the foam of the sea, was the goddess of love and beauty. Artemis, sister of Apollo, presided over flocks and the chase, and, attended by her nymphs, hunted wild animals in forests and valleys. She was also known as the goddess of the moon. Hestia, the goddess of the hearth, was the patroness of domestic life. In the dialogue called

"Phædrus," Plato says, "Hestia only abides at home in the house of heaven."

The Greeks also worshipped Dionysus, the merry riotous god of wine, who had taught them to cultivate the vine, and had a noisy train of goat-footed attendants, called Pans and Satyrs. They also gave great honour to various heroes, among whom stood pre-eminent the hero Heracles, famous for his twelve labours, feats of prodigious strength.

But to the Greeks nature was also peopled by a host of lesser divinities, nymphs, and satyrs: forests by dryads, fountains by naiads, the sea by nereids and tritons, mountains by oreads; in fact, every grove, meadow, hill, or river was haunted by the gods, and gods also presided over the duties and pleasures of everyday life, public and private.

Thus, wherever the Greeks dwelt, they felt themselves encompassed by these unseen powers; and all that they heard or imagined about them wove itself into that wonderful collection of lovely or fantastic legends called Greek Mythology.

Simple, grand, and tranquil, a Greek temple was a fitting house to contain the image of a god. Very simple in shape at first, consisting merely of a single chamber with walls, roof, and a vestibule in front of the doorway, it developed into that clear and perfect harmony of form which reveals, more than anything else, the love of the Greeks for what was definite, comprehensible, and pure in line.

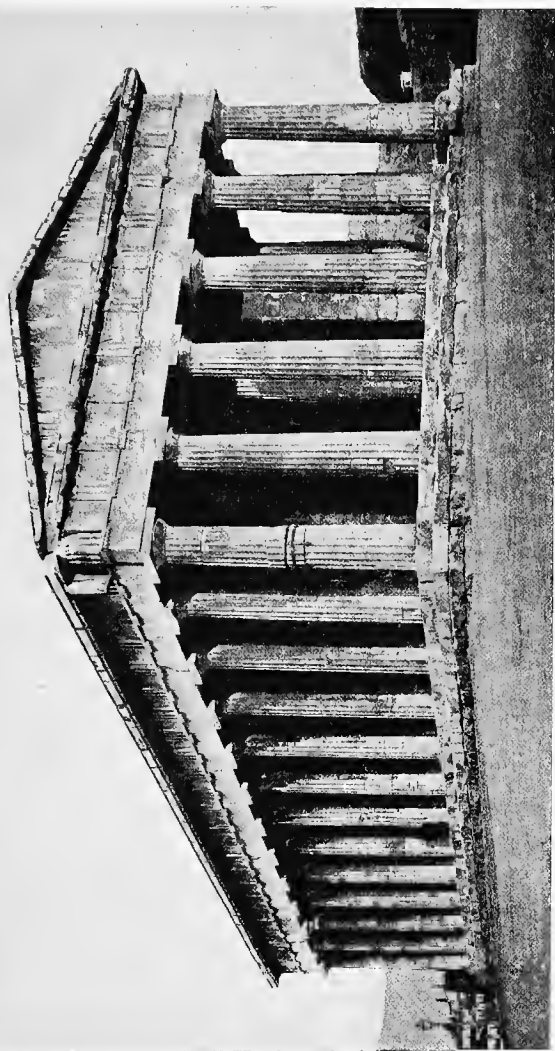


Fig. 2.—THE THESEUM (ATHENS).
(*English Photo. Co., Athens.*)

Gradually the two pillars before the door made way for a portico of four pillars; corresponding pillars were added at the other end; finally temples were built in which a colonnade of columns ran completely round the building. These were called peripteral temples.

Greek temples were usually either Doric or Ionic in style. The third order of architecture, the Corinthian, was used later, chiefly by the Romans. A superficial eye can best distinguish these orders by glancing at the capitals of the pillars. The capital is the top block of a column, and projects outwards all round. A Doric capital is plain, an Ionic capital is ornamented with volutes like rams' horns, while a Corinthian capital is decorated with carved acanthus leaves. Examples of Doric temples still standing, though more or less injured, are the Parthenon and Theseum at Athens, and the temples of Paestum, in Italy. Instances of Ionic temples are the Erechtheum and the little temple of Niké Apteros, both on the Acropolis of Athens.

A perfect Greek temple, such as the Parthenon, stood on a platform with three steps cut out all round; the double row of six or eight columns at each end formed the two porticoes, which with the long colonnade along both sides supported the sloping marble roof. Within the encircling pillars rose the walls of the sacred structure, its principal hall, called the cella, containing the image of the god to

whom the temple was dedicated. Ionic temples, however, were not usually peripteral, and had only a portico of pillars at one or both ends. The shafts of both Doric and Ionic pillars are fluted, but in the Doric the flutes are sharp-edged, while in the Ionic the edges are planed down and blunted. Doric columns also rise straight from the ground, while Ionic pillars are more slender and have bases. Thus a Doric temple impresses one by its stately strength, an Ionic temple chiefly by its grace, sometimes too by its refined ornamentation — mouldings on pillars, doorways, and cornices, in the egg and dart, leaf and dart, pearl-beading, or honey-suckle patterns.

The aspect of vital harmony in the form of a Greek temple was gained by subtle and delicate calculations. In peripteral temples, for instance, the corner columns were just a little larger than the others ; all the columns sloped slightly inwards towards the building, and were rather thicker midway between top and bottom. This slight swelling of the column was called entasis, and prevented it from seeming to get thinner in the middle, as is the tendency of perfectly straight pillars. Thus by a system of finely curved and sloping lines, the effect of straightness, harmony, and stability was produced on the eye.

Temples were frequently adorned with sculptures on the outside. On Doric temples over the architrave, which forms the long stone course above the

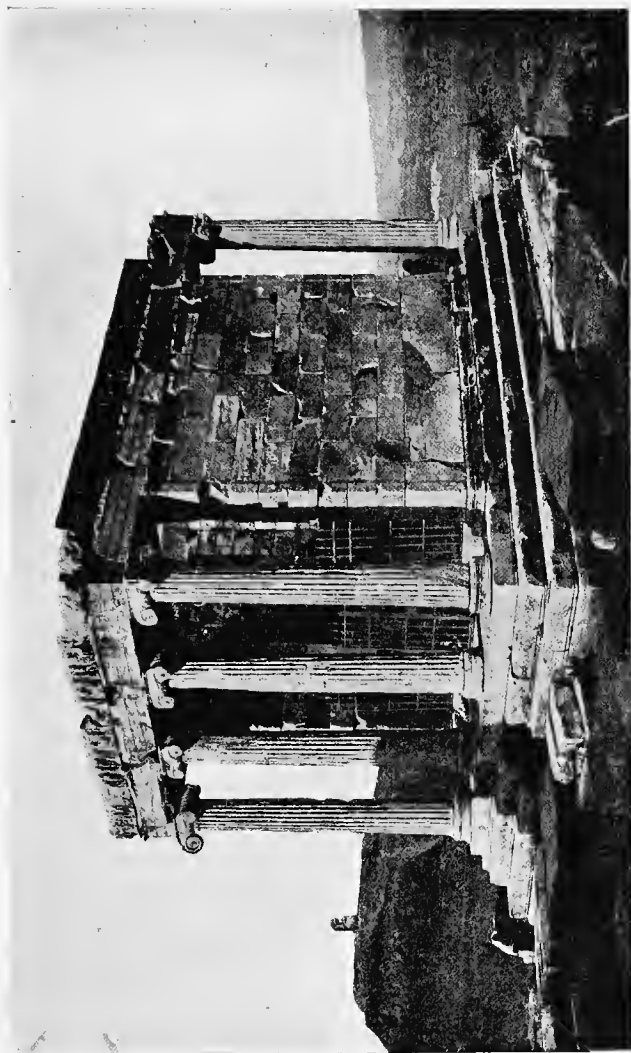


Fig. 3.—TEMPLE OF NIKÉ APTEROS (ATHENS).
(*English Photo Co Athens*)

pillars, a series of alternate triglyphs (grooved slabs) and metopes (plain slabs) runs round the building. These metopes were often sculptured with fighting scenes in bold relief. This band of metopes and triglyphs formed the Doric frieze. The Ionic frieze, on the other hand, was an uninterrupted band of sculpture in relief which ran round the top of the plain wall of the temple. On the Parthenon both friezes occur; the Doric on the outside, above the columns, and the lovely Ionic frieze round the wall of the temple within the colonnade. But the most prominent parts of a temple to receive sculptural decoration were the pediments—the triangular gables at each end. Here a large group of figures carved in the round could be arranged. The shape of the pediment doubtless influenced the development of sculpture, for, being high in the centre and sloping down to the two sides, it required statues of varying height and attitudes, from upright standing figures to seated, stooping, and finally reclining ones which just fitted into the narrow angles. On the roof of the temple, above the pediment, at its apex and angles, were set the acroteria, which were sometimes statues, sometimes merely ornaments. Thus temple-sculptures might consist of pediment groups, carved metopes, the Ionic frieze, and acroteria.

Dr. Curtius, in writing on the Greek temple, has finely pointed out how, though so simple in its proportions, it yet comprises a variety of mutual

relations and uses. "There is the contrast between vertical and horizontal, between open and closed, between supporting and supported; yet all dissolves in a higher harmony, which arises before one's eyes in solemn and tranquillising calm, embodying the sacred significance of Measure and Law."

Though we learnt in the last chapter that we must not hope to see the statues in wood, ivory, and gold made by early artists, there still exist a number of marble figures and reliefs which date from their time.

There are several archaic male figures, scattered about in various museums, which give us, better than any words, an idea of the early struggles of sculpture to depict the human form. They are usually called "Apollo," though no one knows if they were really meant to represent this god. The Strangford Apollo in the British Museum, the numerous specimens at Athens, at Munich the Apollo of Tenea, all exhibit a remarkable similarity of type. They stand erect on both feet—when they have feet—each foot being flat on the ground, the left leg advanced, the arms touching the sides, the body stiff and severe, the head erect, the hair formal, sometimes in spiral curls, the eyes somewhat oblique, and the mouth with corners drawn up into a smile. "Rude attempts" we call them; true, but in these attempts there is promise. Their makers had at anyrate a longing to carve the real



Fig. 4.—APOLLO OF TENEA (MUNICH).
(*F. Bruckmann.*)

living human body, and to put expression into the face. Between these statues and the mechanical Egyptian ones, which always repeat one type, there is the difference between living force and benumbing frost.

There stands in the Louvre at Paris (a cast can be seen in South Kensington Museum) a tall, pillar-like female figure (Fig. 5), which was found in Samos, among the ruins of the temple of Hera. It is of white marble; the head is gone, and also the left arm and hand. At first sight it has so much the look of a column that the details disclosed by a closer examination are quite surprising.

The legs and feet seem tightly glued together, and are swathed in a close ribbed garment, enclosing them like a round sheath. Most people pass on, noting only the constrained attitude, pillar-like shape, and general effect of stiff immobility. They do not perceive that no fewer than four garments make up the drapery. An under-robe of ribbed stuff, girded at the waist, falls from neck to feet; over the right shoulder a mantle of coarser stuff is thrown, and is buttoned many times on the arm; a third garment, joined to the girdle, hangs in a straight clinging mass down to the ankles; and a fourth falls from the neck straight down the back to within a few inches of the border of the third. On the edge of the robe which falls from the girdle this inscription is carved: "Cheramyes consecrated me a pleasing gift to Hera." The shape of the

letters shows that the statue dates from the end of the seventh or the beginning of the sixth century B.C. In spite of the stiffness of the figure there is certainly in the arms the beginning of life. Neither hand hangs useless. The right hand and arm are well worked out, and hold the drapery at the sides; the left hand raised, and resting on the breast, once carried a flower or some other attribute. Thus, in spite of the rigidity and constraint of the statue, we can see, from its elaborateness of costume, its harmonious curves and outlines,—mark how the ribbed skirt curves outward round the feet,—and the simplicity and naturalness of the action of the hands, that sculpture was gaining power of expression and slowly attaining to the truthful representation of living forms.

In the Archaic room of the British Museum are ten large seated figures which date from the sixth century B.C. Long ago they stood in the sacred avenue leading up to the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ near Miletus in Asia Minor. Heavy, rounded, clumsy, each figure seems welded to its chair, and yet here too closer inspection reveals details unsuspected at first. On one of them is the inscription: "I am Chares, ruler of Tichiussa: an offering to Apollo."

We must end this chapter by a brief reference to the Harpy Tomb. The reliefs which ran round the top of it stand in the Archaic room of the British Museum. It was discovered at Xanthus,



Fig. 5.—HERA OF SAMOS (LOUVRE).
(A. Girandon.)

in Asia Minor, and is a monument in the shape of a tower nearly twenty feet high. It is called the Harpy Tomb from the mysterious winged beings with the bodies and claws of birds and the heads of women, who seem to be lovingly carrying away small human figures which probably represent the souls of the dead. These winged monsters are carved at the corners of the north and south sides. The rest of the carved space is taken up by seated figures who are approached by smaller human figures bearing offerings. Here again we see soft rounded forms, though the seated male figures are too heavy and clumsily draped, but the whole effect of the composition is quaint and pleasing. Note the tiny "spirit doorway" on the west side, above which is sculptured a cow suckling her calf. Could we but know the meaning of these reliefs, we should also know the beliefs of the ancient inhabitants of Lycia regarding death and the life after death.

CHAPTER III.

LATER ARCHAIC ART.

IN the first chapter we tried to realise the beginnings of the art of sculpture in Greece, beginnings touched with promise though clogged by lack of skill. In this chapter we shall go on to trace the further growth of art and its struggles towards the production of statues more perfect, more lifelike than the stiff archaic images of the earlier time. We come now to the artists who worked at the end of the sixth and the beginning of the fifth centuries B.C., that is to say, roughly speaking, between the years 520 and 460 B.C.

Before Athens burst into splendour as the home of highest art, the two greatest schools of sculpture flourished on two islands, Chios and Ægina. The difference between them is sharply defined. Of the Chian school we already know something, how Melas of Chios and his descendants formed a marble school and made, as a rule, draped female statues. The school of Ægina, on the other hand, worked in bronze, and made nude male figures. The island of Chios looks on to Asia Minor, but

the island of Ægina lies opposite Athens, in the purple Ægean Sea, and looks on both sides towards Greece itself.

The school of Ægina was a famous one, greatly held in honour, comprising many sculptors, among whom two names stand out prominently, Callon and Onatas. With Callon we still seem to be in the region of myth and legend, for his masters were Tectæus and Angelion, the pupils of Dipœnus and Scyllis, who in their turn had been pupils of Dædalus. His style is described as very severe and stiff; the only bronze piece of work attributed to him is a tripod, set up at Amyclæ, with an image of Cora, the daughter of Demeter, standing beneath it. This tripod was one of three, the other two being by Gitiadas, a celebrated artist of Sparta. Callon is also said to have made a wooden image or xoanon of Athena for her temple at Troezen. She was there worshipped as Athena the Strong.

But the greatest light of the Æginetan school was a sculptor named Onatas. His activity was extraordinary. His bronze Apollo was greatly admired for the beauty of its workmanship. It was doubtless on that account that it was carried to Pergamos about three hundred years later, when Ægina became the possession of Attalus I. His bronze Heracles, ten cubits high, bearing bow and club, was set up at Olympia, as also were a bronze chariot and charioteer which he made to com-

memorate the victories in the Olympian games of Hieron, son of the tyrant of Syracuse; also at Olympia was to be seen his statue of Hermes carrying a ram under his arm.

But most weird and strange must have been his figure of the "Black Demeter." There was a mysterious cave in Mount Elæon, near Phigaleia, which was sacred to Demeter. Here the Phigalians had kept an ancient wooden image representing the goddess sitting on a stone as a black-robed woman with the head and mane of a horse, and holding in one hand a dolphin, in the other a dove. By some accident, probably by fire, this figure had been completely destroyed. Naturally, therefore, the Phigalians ceased to worship in her cave. Whereupon disaster overtook them in the shape of a distressing famine. They sent to the oracle at Delphi for instruction and counsel, and in reply were ordered by Apollo to establish again the worship of Demeter. To that end a new image had to be made, and its execution was naturally intrusted to the skilful Onatas, whose fame was spreading far and wide. Onatas accordingly produced a new statue of Demeter, guided by a picture or copy of the old image, and also, as he declared, by inspiration and revelation vouchsafed to him in a vision.

There was also set up at Olympia a great group into which Onatas must have thrown all his strength. The motive was taken from the story of Troy.

Hector, the noblest of the Trojans, sent a challenge to the Greeks that he would meet any one of them in single combat. The Greek heroes accepted the challenge and cast lots to determine on which of them should fall the danger and the glory of the contest. The group of Onatas represented this casting of lots. Nine Greek heroes stood armed with spears and shields; in front of them stood Nestor, the oldest and wisest of the Greeks, holding a helmet into which he had cast each man's lot.

At Delphi was set up another group which Onatas made, assisted by the artist Calliteles. Over the dead body of Opis, King of the Iapygians, stood the heroes Taras and Phalanthus, grouped with horsemen and other soldiers, representing, doubtless, the fight over the body of the slain king. Phalanthus was recognisable by the dolphin beside him—a quaint touch, in allusion to his having once been shipwrecked and safely brought to shore on the back of a friendly dolphin.

From all we learn we may conclude that Onatas was a far-famed and versatile sculptor: far-famed, for he worked for different peoples through Greece, Sicily, and Phœnicia, and we know that statues of his were set up in Olympia, Delphi, and Phigaleia; versatile, for his works comprised gods and men, armed heroes, horses and chariots. Of female figures he only seems to have made one, though we hardly know whether we can call her a woman, the "Black Demeter," with her horse's head.

Certainly he well earned the approving lines which were inscribed on the shield of one of the heroes in his great group at Olympia, "Many are the works of Onatas, the cunning craftsman."

We must leave the school of Ægina with only a passing notice of two among its other artists: Glaukias, who apparently devoted himself entirely to making statues of victorious Olympian athletes; and Anaxagoras, whom the Greeks employed, in their glow and glory of victory, to make a colossal statue of their greatest god, Zeus, which they dedicated at Olympia. No wonder they wished to commemorate the battle of Plataea, and set aside a tenth part of its spoils towards the cost of this statue; for at Plataea in 479 B.C. a force of Greeks had met and repulsed three hundred thousand Persians. From that time onward no King of Persia dared again to bring an army of Asiatic invaders into Greece.

Before, however, leaving Ægina itself, we must note the happy circumstance that in the Glyptothek at Munich are two groups of marble statues which were discovered in Ægina among the ruins of the temple of Athena. Casts of them, arranged in pediments, are to be seen in the British Museum. The pediment is the triangular space above the pillars on the front and back of a Greek temple. Both the pediments of this temple were adorned with groups, representing each an incident of battle from the story of Troy. The group of the western pediment is the most complete. In the middle

stands the goddess Athena; at her feet, to her right, a fallen warrior, probably Patroclus; spear-men and archers press forward from either side, and a dying soldier fills up each angle. A nude unarmed figure is hurrying forward to seize the fallen warrior. The other pediment contains the hero Heracles, as we know from the lion's skin on the head instead of a helmet. Though the material is marble, the style is that of a bronze school. The figures have no supports, and the marble is cut into very thin plates almost like plates of metal; mark the flaps of the cuirass of Heracles, the helmet of Patroclus, and Athena's shield, which is all in one piece and very thin. In the modelling of the bodies there is a great advance from the archaic figures of the earlier time; muscles and sinews are indicated, and even veins—as we see on the arms of Patroclus. But the sinking of Patroclus is not rendered with sufficient attention to the force of gravitation; compare him with the dying warrior in the eastern pediment, whose attitude is far more pathetic and true to nature. The heads of the figures are still rather backward in style, the faces still wear the curious archaic smile.

The presiding goddess in the centre of the group is, to our surprise, a stiff archaic figure, in a long robe arranged in conventional folds, far less advanced in style than the human figures. There may be two reasons for this: first, the Æginetan school, as we know, was not accustomed to make

female figures; and secondly, the Greeks had a religious reverence for the ancient images of their gods, and accordingly, in representing them, they long continued to follow the style in which the early sculptors had carved them.

These pediments must originally have been finely coloured; from faint traces still remaining we gather that the sandals of Athena were red, the helmets blue with red crests, the flesh of the figures lightly tinted, and the whole background dark red.

We pass on to the school of Sicyon. This town, situated on the Corinthian Gulf, was the capital of Sicyonia, an exceedingly ancient and powerful kingdom, of such high standing, indeed, that the hand of Agariste, daughter of one of the tyrants of Sicyon, was sought in marriage by all the princes of Greece. We have already seen that Dipœnus and Scyllis came to Sicyon and quarrelled with its inhabitants, departed in anger, but finally returned and finished the statues they had begun. From their day onward art must have continued to flourish in Sicyon, though we hear little about it until one noted name emerges from the obscurity. Canachus, rather younger than Callon of Ægina, is the great representative of the Sicyonian school of this period. His colossal bronze statue of Apollo with the stag is happily not merely a name to us, but something more, for a very small copy of it

stands in a glass case in the British Museum. It is a bronze statuette still archaic in style, and portrays the god holding a tiny stag in his outstretched right hand. Note the archaic rendering of the hair and the long tresses falling in front over each shoulder. This statue had a chequered career. It was set up in the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, near Miletus. In 494 B.C. Darius, King of Persia, swooped down on that region, and carried it off as spoil to Ecbatana ; but nearly two hundred years later it was given back again to Miletus by Seleucus the Victorious, one of the captains of Alexander the Great.

Canachus also made an Apollo of cedar wood which was placed on a hill at the gate of Thebes ; it was said to be so like the bronze Apollo that no one could doubt that it was by the same hand, though in a different material. But he did not neglect his own city. He beautified its temple with an Aphrodite of ivory and gold, seated on a throne, and bearing in one hand a poppy, in the other an apple. Beautiful enough it sounds, and beauty of a kind it may have possessed, but we know that Canachus, great as he was for his day, was still struggling with the restraints of an undeveloped style, so much so that Cicero wrote of him, "Who does not feel that the statues of Canachus are too rigid to be true to nature?"¹

We turn aside at this moment to notice another

¹ Brutus, xviii. 70.

Callon, an artist of Elis, the region in the west of Greece north of Messene. Even at this far-off day the pathetic circumstance which gave rise to the making of his bronze group at Olympia touches a chord of pity. It was the custom of the Messenians to send yearly a chorus of thirty-five boys, with the master who trained them and the flute-player who accompanied them, across the straits to Italy, in order to sing at a festival at Rhegium. Year after year the vessel with its youthful band had sped happily over the Ionian Sea. One year, through a horrible accident—whether overtaken by a storm or because of the unseaworthiness of the ship—the whole chorus of boys, with the teacher and the flute-player, were drowned on their way by the foundering of the vessel. When the news reached their homes in Messene, so deeply moved were the people that they determined to raise some monument in memory of the ill-starred choir. So they employed the artist Callon of Elis to make a bronze group representing the whole chorus, the trainer and the flute-player, which group they dedicated at Olympia, and there it was seen for centuries by visitors from all parts of Greece.

CHAPTER IV.

LATER ARCHAIC ART—*continued.*

THE school of Athens now claims attention. Athens, so soon to surpass all other schools in glory, is still in the process of creation, is struggling in common with the other schools towards enlightenment and skill.

Several names are recorded as belonging to this school. Four of these—Antenor, Amphicrates, Critius, and Nesiotes—are connected together by a most tragic event, which occurred in the year 514 B.C.

At that time the Government of Athens was in the hands of two brothers, the tyrants Hipparchus and Hippias. In public matters their rule was benevolent and wise, and they encouraged literature by patronising men of learning and talent ; but Hipparchus committed an act of wrong against the honour of a noble family. This roused the indignation of the youth Harmodius, a member of the insulted house, and he and his friend Aristogeiton formed a plot to attack the tyrants at the approaching festival of the Panathenæa. They

gained over certain others to join them, men who were discontented with the existing form of government ; but when the day arrived, the two youths, fancying that one of their fellow-conspirators was about to betray them, dashed forward with sudden impulse before the time agreed upon, and slew Hipparchus, whom they met advancing without his brother. Hippias, fortunately for himself, had lingered behind to give orders in regard to the Panathenaic procession. In the uproar that followed, Harmodius was overpowered and killed by the guards ; Aristogeiton, though he escaped at first, was shortly captured, most cruelly tortured, and finally executed.

Thus the plot of tyrannicide was only half successful, and ended in the death of the two youths who, however headstrong, had been goaded to revenge by exasperating wrong. At anyrate, the heart of the Athenian people was on the side of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and they were stirred to do glory to them. With this object they commissioned their sculptor Antenor to make statues of the two, and they placed them in public view in Athens. For years they remained there ; then came the invasion of Greece, when Xerxes, King of Persia, entered Athens and sacked and spoiled it. Among the booty he carried off were the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton by Antenor. Afterwards, we shall see, the Athenians rebuilt their ruined city, having driven back the

Persians, and so undiminished was the popular enthusiasm for the slayers of the tyrant, that it was not long before a second group was set up, to replace the lost one. This second group was the work of Critius and Nesiotes. It is of this group that the Museum at Naples possesses a fine copy. Side by side they rush forward in impetuous onslaught: Harmodius with uplifted arm which once held a sword—see the white mark across his breast left by the bronze sword-belt that he used to wear; Aristogeiton with his chlamys or mantle hanging over his left arm. The head of Aristogeiton, it is important to remember, does not belong to the body, and is of much later date. The original head was in the style of that of Harmodius, and was bearded. They are effective statues; veins and muscles are indicated. There is real straining after vigour and freedom, with marked success. What an advance upon the early “Apollo” type! Truly the art of sculpture is liberating itself from its early bonds of angularity, stiffness, and severity.

Before leaving this group, it is pleasant to mention that the old statues by Antenor were restored to their original home. They were brought back to Athens nearly two hundred years later by Alexander the Great, and the traveller Pausanias, when he visited Athens about the year 150 A.D., saw both the groups standing near each other.

We may just mention here that it is greatly to the writings of this Pausanias that we owe our knowledge of the wealth of statues in ancient Greece. For in the second century A.D. he made a tour through Greece, and wrote an account of it in ten books. He was born in Asia Minor, but settled in Rome during the later part of his life. He lived in the reigns of the Emperors Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, and died probably about the year 175 A.D.

It would not be fair to leave out, in connection with the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the "Tongueless Lioness," by Amphicrates. A certain woman, named Leæna, who was suspected of knowing details of the conspiracy against the tyrants, was put to the torture in order to force her to reveal what she knew. But in her faithfulness she maintained a resolute silence—some say she bit out her tongue lest she should speak and betray her friends—and thus under torture she met her death. Her courage and her silence were commemorated by the Athenians in a statue by Amphicrates of the lioness without her tongue, which they set up on the Acropolis.

But we have not yet done with Antenor. If we visit the little museum on the Acropolis, we can see certain statues which Pausanias, when he visited it, six hundred years after these events, walked over, all unsuspecting of their presence, since they were buried in the ground beneath him.

These statues once stood upon the Acropolis. Just before the battle of Salamis the Persians entered Athens, knocked down, broke, or carried away its statues, and set fire to the old temples and buildings. Afterwards, stimulated by their victories, the Athenians adorned the Acropolis anew, and they levelled its inequalities and enlarged its surface by means of the mass of débris of the overthrown temples and statues. In this way these figures and many others were hidden under ground near the Erechtheum, shortly after the year 480 B.C., therefore we can safely date them as belonging to a previous period. They were dug up in the excavations on the Acropolis a few years ago.

They now stand in the Acropolis Museum, and form certainly a striking and extraordinarily vivid assembly of women—extremely valuable as specimens of early Attic art. Archaic, stiff, erect, robed in elaborate drapery richly decorated with painted bands and borders, drapery hanging loosely but with exquisitely refined arrangement of folds over the body, yet drawn tightly by the left hand round the legs—what gives these statues their marvellous animation? The answer is unmistakable—the treatment of the face. The hair is mostly in spirals or curls or zigzags, but the faces, whatever they may lack, have at anyrate *life*. Sometimes it is almost eerie to go into that room and see these figures ranged round one. There they stand, with a strange mocking expression, a

glow of life on their faces. They are extraordinarily expressive, the eyes drawn up as if to concentrate the significance of the glance; the mouth is smiling, in fact grinning, in a veritable effort to be alive. It is as if their makers said, "The skill of our hands can go no farther; narrow your eyelids and look sly if you like; draw up the corners of your eyes and put on your curious archaic smile; you need not possess beauty, but the one thing you must and shall possess is—vitality." This is the essential stamp of the Attic school—a straining after life, after expression, also a careful elaboration and delicacy in the treatment of drapery. Archaic, primitive as the statues are, in their vitality lies the promise which culminated in the great performance of the following century. And even in them is a progress towards loveliness. Two of the heads, the two most advanced, have a beauty and quaint fascination hardly to be put into words. The eyes look natural, the mouth and cheeks are delicately moulded, and the odd archaic smile has been softened into an expression so elusive that we seem to understand what the writer Lucian meant when he spoke of a "sweet and subtle smile." Among the early Athenian sculptors was one named Calamis, and Lucian says, in describing an ideal woman, that besides having the outline of face of the Lemnian Athena, she should have the "sweet and subtle smile" which Calamis gave to his statues. Now, no statue by



Fig. 6.—ARCHAIC FEMALE STATUE (ACROP. MUS. ATHENS).
(*English Photo. Co., Athens.*)

Calamis is known to have come down to us, but one of these two heads has certainly a curiously sweet smile, though there is absolutely no evidence to show to which sculptor we can ascribe it.

We have evidence showing that Antenor made one of these statues, for on one of the bases on which they stood was found an inscription bearing the name of Antenor, and the largest of the figures, which is considered by certain authorities to be the one probably belonging to the basis, has been placed upon it.

From the gradual advance in style to be observed in these figures we can infer that they were made during a period extending over forty years, and it is a vexed question whom they were intended to represent. Certainly not the goddess Athena; probably not priestesses; the most likely supposition is that they were figures of votaries, worshippers of the goddess, who dedicated to her their own statues.

Another artist of the Attic school—Aristocles—has special interest because a stelé or tombstone bearing a sculptured relief inscribed as his work was found near the battlefield of Marathon, a few miles out of Athens. It is called the Stelé of Aristion—Aristion being supposed to be the name of the warrior buried in the tomb. It is worth while to look closely at this stelé, studying the points noted by Dr. Brunn. For a long time this was almost the only specimen of archaic Attic art

known, and it was on this stelé that Dr. Brunn, with wonderful insight and truth, based his description of the characteristic qualities of the early school of sculpture in Athens. The stelé is preserved in the Athens Museum, and a cast hangs at South Kensington.

The relief represents a standing warrior, about life size, attired in helmet and armour, with hair and beard in orderly arrangement. He supports a spear in his left hand. The sculptor has not yet skill enough to depict the eye in profile and has blundered hopelessly over the right thumb, but the manner in which he has adjusted the whole figure into a contracted space is most admirable. We notice that though the space is confined he is successful in giving to the figure a certain freedom of attitude and movement. The deportment is not more severe than befits a warrior; the right hand hangs naturally, the raised left hand just as naturally holds the lance. Ease of position and movement, therefore, is a characteristic of the early Attic school.

The second point about this relief which calls for praise is the way in which the artist has conceived the composition as a whole, directing attention to the general effect. Dr. Brunn says that the fundamental condition of all good composition lies in the proper balancing and opposing of bulk and action. That is exemplified in this stelé, for if we divide the space lengthwise into two equal halves,



Fig. 7.—STELÉ OF ARISTION (ATHENS).
(*English Photo. Co., Athens.*)

we find on the one side the larger but the less active portion of the figure, while on the other side is represented the action of raising the lance, but less of the figure is shown. Thus the separate parts balance one another ; opposing forces counterpoise each other, and the composition becomes an organic whole.

In the face, the expression lies in the mouth, as we see in other instances of early Attic art, the effect being one of expressiveness and animation. Thus we see exemplified the vitality and promise of the early Athenian school ; we shall see later how grandly, in the Golden Age, this promise was fulfilled.

One other name belonging to the school of Athens calls for notice. Hegias or Hegesias must have been an active sculptor, but we cannot trace any existing statues back to him. This is a matter of great regret in the light of a statement supposed to be made by one writer (Dion Chrys. Orat. 55, 1), that he was the teacher of Pheidias. We may infer, however, that his style embodied the same characteristics as that of the other artists of his school at this period, a style marked by mingled imperfection and promise. To the people of that day the works of their sculptors must have seemed masterly artistic achievements : it was Lucian, living five hundred years after, Lucian, who had been privileged to see the masterpieces of the age of Pericles, who wrote that "the works

of archaic art by Hegias and the school of Critius and Nesiotes" were "closely knit and sinewy and severe in outline."

A few miles inland from the head of the gulf, in the lovely district of Argolis, lies Argos, its ancient capital. Here also a celebrated school flourished; indeed, the school of Argos was destined later to produce the sculptor Polycleitus, second only to Pheidias in the estimation of the Greeks. But at this period the most eminent artist of Argos was a man named Ageladas, about whom, roughly speaking, we are told three things—that his life was long, his statues numerous, and that among the pupils who passed through his workshop were three youths who afterwards became the three greatest sculptors of the Golden Age of Greece. These three were Myron, Pheidias, and Polycleitus.

Ageladas certainly had a long career, for the notices of his works extend over many years. Of his two statues of Zeus, one represented the god as a boy; we are told of two statues of Heracles, one of them called the Preserver from Ill; of a Muse holding an instrument, of a group of bronze horses and captive women, of a chariot and horses, and of several statues of victors in the Olympian games. He must have been a great man, judging from the large range of his works, which comprise gods, heroes, muses, women, athletes, horses and

chariots; and may we not infer that his genius too was of wide scope, seeing that his three famous pupils excelled in three completely different styles? We need not enter into the doubts that have been raised as to the truth of the tradition that he was the teacher of those three sculptors; suffice it to say that it has not been disproved. Certainly they could not have been pupils at the same time; Polycleitus was rather younger than the other two. It is not impossible that Pheidias, after working under Hegias in Athens and absorbing the special style and characteristics of the Attic school, its refinement and expression, should feel impelled to study a while in the Argive school, famous for its athletes, in order to learn there how also to represent the sterner virtues of strength and dignity.

Here let us pause a while and again gather up the threads of our inquiry. We have spoken of the four principal schools of Ægina, Sicyon, Athens, and Argos during this second period; we have barely touched on the fact that various other places also produced artists. We see clearly that there was a widespread diffusion of art throughout all Greece, but especially in certain great centres.

The inspiration of art was drawn now chiefly from two sources. First, from religion, which still inspired the artist to fashion images of the deathless gods: over and over again do we hear of the statues of the great deities of Olympus, enshrined in temples. And in connection with religion were

statues of worshippers dedicated as votive offerings to a god, set up therefore as the outcome of a religious purpose; but, though they stood for a human being, they cannot be called portraits in any real sense of the term. Heroes, too, were represented, and not only mythical heroes, but actual men whose deeds had stirred public enthusiasm.

But sculpture would have long remained bound in fetters of restraint had religion been its sole inspiration. The very reverence for their gods caused the Greeks to consider as specially sacred and hallowed the old rude images carved by the helpless hands of early, forgotten artists. For, their origin being lost in the mists of antiquity, superstitions had gathered round these images, and men believed that they had fallen from heaven and were divine. Being divine, new images must be fashioned after their style. Consequently artists were restrained on the one hand by priestly tradition, stimulated on the other by the aspiration after free development. Happily a second influence arose, an influence which led artists direct to nature and reality. Perhaps no nation since the world began ever cultivated athletics with the ardour of the Greeks. No town was without its palæstra or gymnasium, where young men and boys ran and wrestled and practised leaping and boxing and throwing the discus. And the most glorious crown that a youth could wear

was the wreath of wild olive as token of victory in the contest at the great games of Olympia. Here was a field for sculpture, a field where no consideration need impede the effort of the artist to portray the human form in its truth and beauty and varied attitudes. Therefore we read that Onatas, Ageladas, and other artists of this time, sculptured, besides their gods, statues of those victorious athletes, who, as they practised daily in the gymnasium and strove with each other in grace of form and action on the plain of Olympia, must, to the quick eye of an artist, have been beautiful and unsuspecting models.

CHAPTER V.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

FAR away from Athens, in the district of Elis, on the western side of Greece, there lay a lovely valley. Sheltered by wooded hills, watered by the river Alpheus, green with flowery meadows, fertile with the vine, olive, and myrtle, it was a fit spot in which to raise a great altar and a great temple. More than that, it was a fit spot in which to offer up to the god the beauty, strength, and skill of his worshippers.

Here, in the valley of Olympia, was the sanctuary of Zeus, the greatest of the gods of Olympus, and here also, in his honour, were celebrated the famous games, the greatest athletic festival of Greece.

Once in every four years a vast and eager throng met together at Olympia. Seven great roads led to the valley; and from Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and the other cities of Greece, from the Greek towns in Italy, Sicily, Asia Minor, and the islands, came pouring the multitude of visitors—those who travelled along the Sacred Way meeting

those on the road leading from the port which had landed numbers from over sea.

How was it that all these men—for no women were allowed to witness the Olympian games—were able in perfect security to travel through strange districts and to mingle with members of other states and cities? We must bear in mind that Greece, though a small country, was not united under one sovereign, but was divided into nearly twenty little states which were often at war with one another. The fact was, that before the festival, heralds were sent forth from Elis to proclaim a holy truce throughout the length and breadth of the land. For the Olympian festival was a Panhellenic one, that is, belonging to all Greece. During the space of a whole month peace must reign unbroken between the Greek states. For five days in the middle of that month the great Olympian games were to be held, in the brilliant warmth and sunshine of summer, through days whose nights would be radiant with the moon at her fullest and brightest.

We have spoken of the natural loveliness and charm of the valley of Olympia. What shall we say of the beauty and interest of her buildings and statues grouped together at the foot of Mount Cronion, just where the two river-valleys of the Alpheus and the Cladeus meet? Thanks to the excavations carried on by the German Government, visitors to Olympia to-day can wander about the

large field of ruins and trace the remains of temples, porticoes, treasuries, and other edifices.

Shadowed by a beautiful grove of plane trees, silvery poplars, and branching olives, lay the great sanctuary. Fair and stately rose the temple of Zeus in the sacred enclosure called the Altis, which also held the temple of Hera, the spouse of Zeus. It was in this temple of Hera that there stood the statue of the god Hermes which we travel to Olympia now to see. Between the two temples rose the tomb of Pelops, the prince after whom the peninsula of Greece is called the Peloponnesus, who is also said to have founded the Olympian games.

In the centre of the Altis stood the huge altar of Zeus, a great oval platform on which rose a mound many feet high composed of the ashes of victims. Besides this altar there were more than sixty smaller ones, at each of which sacrifices were offered; and power and space alike fail us to enumerate the wonderful host of statues, more than three thousand in number, within and around the Altis. Statues of Zeus himself,—we must speak in a later chapter of the supreme image of him in the temple,—figures of gods, heroes, and Greeks; above all, innumerable images of athletes, chariots, and horses. Not until a man had been thrice victor in the games was a statue of him allowed to be made, but after the festival exultant winners called in the great sculptors of the day to fashion ideal figures

of athletes which they set up as votive offerings to the gods.

Outside the Altis were the structures devoted to the games—the stadium, the hippodrome, the palæstra or training-school, and numerous other buildings, in some of which wealthy visitors and strangers of distinction were lodged. But for the vast crowd of ordinary visitors, drawn thither by curiosity and enthusiasm, little or no accommodation was provided. Therefore they pitched their variously coloured tents in the surrounding meadows amid the booths of merchants and tradesfolk, from whom they could buy food and necessaries, and thus the camp assumed the lively and joyous appearance of a large fair.

Early in the morning of the first day the festival was ushered in by a solemn sacrifice to Zeus, and during the whole day offerings were made at the various shrines in the Altis by embassies from different cities and states. The competitors in the coming contests sacrificed a boar to Zeus Horcius, laid their hands on the altar, and vowed to compete fairly and uprightly, and all—athletes, teachers, umpires, charioteers—swore that they were innocent of impiety or irreverence to the gods.

Long before sunrise the next morning the sloping bank around the stadium was crowded with spectators, and on the hill Cronion, overlooking the place of contest, they stood, man above man, to the very summit. Just as the first beams of the

sun flashed into the valley, a burst of music announced the entrance in procession of the judges, in long purple robes, the competing athletes, and distinguished strangers.

Then the gymnastic games began amid breathless enthusiasm, which waxed more and more ardent as the hours passed on, and it was only the fading daylight which at last warned athletes and spectators to desist until the morrow.

The contests were various ; running, jumping, throwing the discus, chariot-racing, horse-racing, and the racing of armed men. It was thrilling indeed to watch those Greek athletes striving together, youths of perfect mould and beautiful of face, fleet of foot, keen of glance—"fair of form, fulfilling deeds as fair," as Pindar sang—youths in whom, as one of our own poets says, "strong making took not away delicacy, nor beauty, fierceness." Alas! that time has swept away the host of athletic statues which commemorated their physical excellence and their successes; only a few, a very few, remain to suggest to us what their beauty must have been.

The short foot-race consisted of running from one end of the stadium to the other, about two hundred yards; in the double foot-race the competitors ran to the end and round again to the starting-point. In the long race they ran twelve times round the course, a distance of nearly three miles. In the armed race the runners bore each a

shield; in earlier times they carried a helmet and greaves also. The pentathlum was a contest of special interest; it was really a series of five contests, and comprised leaping, throwing the discus, hurling the spear, running, and wrestling. To be a winner in this fivefold competition both strength and skill were needed, perfect development of all the limbs, quickness of eye, steadiness of aim. No wonder that the victors in the pentathlum are said to have been youths of special beauty. The statue by Myron of a youth throwing the discus, one replica of which stands in the British Museum, is a marvellous portrayal of one of these athletes at a moment of intense concentration and skill. (*Frontispiece.*)

But most thrilling of all were the chariot-races and the horse-races. These took place in the hippodrome. The poet Sophocles in the "Electra" describes a chariot-race of Olympia—

"Charioteers

At sunrise matched their speed in the swift race.
All at the trumpet's sound they started: all,
Chiding their horses on, shook loose the reins
Together, and the plain at once was filled
With din of rattling cars."¹

On the last day of the festival, amid shouts of applause and outbursts of joy, the winners received their prizes. These were merely chaplets of wild olive, but no gleaming jewelled crown, no earthly

¹ Whitelaw's translation.

distinction could be more eagerly coveted. A boy, both of whose parents were still living, cut with a golden knife branches from the sacred olive grove. These were made into wreaths, and were first placed on the ivory and gold table in front of the temple of Zeus. As each victor came forward and was crowned with an olive wreath by one of the judges, a herald proclaimed his name and city, and all the crowd, especially his own friends and the men of the city upon which he had brought glory, raised their voices in proud acclamation.

Afterwards thanks were offered at the altars of the gods: immense numbers of oxen were sacrificed to Zeus, and after being slaughtered at his altar, furnished forth a great banquet, at which the winners were the honoured guests.

Each victor returned home accompanied by a throng of friends and relatives. As he neared his own city, all the people streamed out to meet him, strewed his way with flowers, and threw down part of the city wall to make a new entrance for him, while high-born citizens, singing a song of triumph, escorted him to his father's house.

The four years' interval between each Olympic festival was called an Olympiad, and by these Olympiads the Greeks reckoned their dates, beginning to calculate from the year 776 B.C., which they called the first year of the first Olympiad, the second Olympiad beginning in 772 B.C.

Other athletic festivals were famous too; the

Isthmian games at Corinth, which were held every two years, in honour of Poseidon; the Nemean games held at Nemea in Argolis, on the very spot, it was said, where Heracles had killed the Nemean lion; the Pythian games at Delphi, in honour of Apollo; but the Olympian games surpassed them all in splendour and renown.

CHAPTER VI.

PYTHAGORAS, CALAMIS, MYRON.

WE have traced the progress of Greek art for a considerable distance; it has toiled upwards — always upwards — until we begin to wonder whether it is not nearing its goal. But there are still other sculptors to arise, each with his own special gift, which will widen further the bounds of art; there is yet another impulse to be noticed, an impulse so quickening to the Greek spirit, that but for it Greece, in the fifth century B.C., might have missed her Golden Age. That impulse was given by the war with Persia.

Three sculptors stand clearly out in the early part of the fifth century B.C. It is they who impel art upward towards the height finally attained by Pheidias. These three are Pythagoras of Rhegium, Calamis of Athens, and Myron of Eleutheræ.

Pythagoras worked in bronze, and was a frequent sculptor of Olympian winners, victors in various contests, in wrestling, running, and boxing. It

was the athletic side of Greek life which chiefly influenced his art. He is specially noticed for bringing in the delineation of muscles and veins, and advancing the treatment of hair. There is a standing figure in the British Museum which goes by the name of the Choiseul-Gouffier Apollo. This figure Dr. Waldstein conjectures with some probability to be a copy of an original by Pythagoras. Dr. Waldstein points out that it represents an extremely strong man, standing in an attitude of great firmness. Looking more closely it can be perceived that the hair is plaited in two braids which are bound tightly round the head. This suggests that the figure is really meant for an athlete, not an Apollo. Before the Persian wars it was the custom for Greeks to wear long hair, and, in order to keep it out of the way during battle or athletic contests, to tie it up in plaits. As to what kind of athlete is here represented there can be no doubt. The strongly developed chest and muscles exhibit the pugilist, not the runner nor discus-thrower. He is quietly waiting until it is his turn to enter the lists and box with his opponent. The plaited hair shows that the original of this statue must date from a period not long after the Persian wars of 490 and 480 B.C., yet the style and modelling are so advanced that it cannot belong to a time far before the age of Pheidias. On the other hand, a certain stiffness and severity in the style lead

us to assign it to the transition period between archaic and perfected sculpture.

At this very time flourished Pythagoras, who was especially praised by the ancients for his statues of athletes. Among his works was a bronze figure of the pugilist Euthymos, which was highly praised by Pausanias. Euthymos was an unusually celebrated athlete; indeed, in such honour was he held, that miraculous feats were ascribed to him. It would be delightful to think that Dr. Waldstein's conjecture from this and further evidence is a true one, that this and the three other ancient replicas of this figure are copies of that very statue of Euthymos.

Pythagoras also drew inspiration from the beautiful myths of Greece. But even in making his Apollo he could not forget the contests of Olympia, so he depicted the god in conflict with the Python, that huge and foul serpent born out of mud and slime. Indeed, there is no record that Pythagoras—with the exception of this Apollo—made any statues of gods; we read of no solemn images enshrined in temples, no figures dedicated to a religious purpose, by his hand.

But of all the statues of Pythagoras, the one which roused most wonder was his "limping man," representing in all probability the unfortunate Philoctetes, who, because of a wound in his foot, was not permitted to sail with the rest of the Greek army against Troy, but was placed on an

island, where he remained, enduring great pain, for a number of years. One of the plays of Sophocles treats of the sufferings of Philoctetes. This statue was set up at Syracuse, and Pliny describes its effect upon the spectators as "making those who look at him feel the pain of his wound." Some Greek writer has also left an epigram in which the statue itself is supposed to be speaking, declaring that Pythagoras the sculptor was a more cruel enemy to him than the Greeks, for that his sufferings, being rendered in lasting bronze, were now eternal.

Pythagoras delineated the human form with increased detail and truth to life, and we see by his statue of the "limping man" that he attempted to rouse, by his art, an emotion in the soul of the spectator. He worked, we may say, in the service of men, zealous to depict the Greeks themselves at their best, and as he did this, worked in the service of art.

The mention of Calamis raises in the mind a longing sadness over the "ruin of divinest things." For in the work of Calamis was revealed a delicacy and grace, a "nameless charm," which we imagine would have appealed with peculiar fascination to us; yet of his works not one that we can identify even in a copy has come down to us.

Somewhere on the ascent of the Acropolis stood his "Sosandra," a statue which to us is a sweet

riddle of antiquity. The name Sosandra means Saviour of men: we know that an image of Aphrodite by Calamis was placed on the way up to the Acropolis; perhaps she and Sosandra were one and the same—in that case “Saviour of men” would be another name for the beautiful goddess of love. This statue of Sosandra seems to have radiated an alluring charm of mingled humility and purity, for when Lucian, a writer who lived in the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, wished to describe in the form of a statue his ideal woman, he said that Sosandra should bestow upon her the grace of modesty, should lend her her own refined and beautifully arranged drapery, and above all, should give her her “sweet and subtle smile.” Surely Sosandra must have been possessed to an ideal degree of the characteristics of grace of expression and drapery which we have seen, in greater or less measure, in the archaic female statues of the Acropolis Museum.

Among the other works of Calamis was an ivory and gold Asclepius, the god of healing, which stood, benignant with sceptre and cone, at the entrance of his temple at Sicyon. He made an Apollo in bronze, which, from its title, the Averter of Evil, must have worn a gracious aspect, and another colossal Apollo, also of bronze, thirty cubits in height, which was carried away later and set up on the Capitol at Rome.

In commemoration of the legend that the plague was once stayed from entering Tanagra by the god Hermes, who carried a ram on his shoulders round the walls of the city, Calamis, perhaps because he had seen at Tanagra the annual representation of this kindly deed of the god, made an image of Hermes bearing a ram. At Olympia could be seen a group in bronze of boys extending their right hands in prayer to a god; another of boys mounted on race-horses beside a chariot made by Onatas. He seems to have been unrivalled in his representation of horses, so that in the following century the celebrated Praxiteles, admiring the four beautiful horses of Calamis at Olympia, made and placed a new charioteer of his own in the chariot attached to them.

It is hardly necessary to say that Calamis was an Athenian. What school but the softer Attic school could have brought out his special gifts of grace and charm, though he was too great, too many-sided, to be weak? He worked in silver—we hear of silver cups made by him, and we know also of his image in ivory and gold—but on the other hand he could vie with Pythagoras in his bronze statues; nay, even Pythagoras made no bronze figure so colossal as the Apollo of Calamis. A touch of severity must have been retained in his style, but it was a severity mingled, we can only faintly imagine how, with simplicity and with tenderness.

Myron, the greatest forerunner of Pheidias, came, by some fortunate chance of time and place, from his fatherland of Bœotia to follow art in Athens just when Athens was entering upon her happy century. Myron represented in his figures rapid movement and vigorous physical life. Time has been kind to us in regard to one statue by him. In the British Museum and in the Vatican at Rome are marble replicas of his bronze Discobolus (*Frontispiece*). The best replica, in the Palazzo Lancelotti in Rome, is not easy of access. Lucian describes it minutely: "the quoit-player who is stooping in the attitude of one about to make his throw, twisting round towards the hand holding the quoit and bending his knee as if about to spring up after the cast." It is a wonderful statue; each muscle and sinew is strung up to its utmost tension. We see the instant of pause before the cast. The weight is on the right foot, its toes clutching the ground for stronger hold; the right arm has been swung backward to gain the last impetus, the whole of the strength is gathered together to hurl forward the discus, and in the next moment the left foot, now half raised, will step forward to receive the weight of the body as the mass of bronze flies into the air. The object of the game was not to hit a mark, but to hurl the quoit to as great a distance as possible. The greatest recorded throw was ninety-five feet in length. There is a discus in the British Museum which weighs eleven and

a half pounds, and a dedicated one in Berlin weighing four and a half.

It is difficult to suppose that Myron could have had a stationary model, therefore he must have possessed power of acute observation and an exact memory of instantaneous attitudes, combined with knowledge of the play of muscles and the laws of equilibrium. Now at last the cramping fetters of archaism are flung off; note what a harmonious whole the figure is, how its lines return into itself. Lucian conveys the idea that the head of the Discobolus is turned towards the hand holding the discus; in the replica nearest to the original, that in the Palazzo Lancelotti, this is actually the case: the two other replicas have heads of a later style, with short, oval Attic faces.

On the Acropolis of Athens was set up a group by Myron representing the goddess Athena about to strike the satyr Marsyas. The story goes that Athena had invented the pipes, but, finding that her features were distorted while blowing them, she threw them away. Marsyas eagerly advanced to pick them up, but was angrily checked by the goddess. There is a life-size statue in the Lateran Museum at Rome, and a bronze statuette in the British Museum, which are almost undoubtedly copies of the Marsyas of this group. Unfortunately the Athena has disappeared. The statue in the Lateran may represent him either at the moment of check or at the instant when he is startled by

suddenly coming upon the pipes lying on the ground, and he throws himself backward in sudden surprise. The head is ugly—it was not until later, as we shall see, that satyrs were represented as youthful and pleasing.

Among the lost statues of antiquity which we hear of with unavailing regret is Myron's celebrated bronze image of the Greek youth Ladas, the swift runner, who won the race at Olympia and died as he received the crown; to him victory, though it meant glory, meant also death—that statue, we hear, was worthy even of him. It portrayed him eager, expectant, about to leap forward to grasp the crown, the breath almost fluttering on his lips. An ancient writer sings, "As once thou wast, O Ladas, instinct with life, when thou didst fly from Thymos swift as the wind, on tiptoe, with every muscle at full strain—even so did Myron fashion thee in bronze, and stamp on thy whole frame eager yearning for the crown."¹

We have not space to dwell in detail on other statues by Myron; on the athletes which made his name famous; on his colossal images of Zeus, Athena, and Heracles, one of which, the Zeus, was taken by the Emperor Augustus to Rome, and set up in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol; on his Apollo, his Dionysus, his Perseus, his Hecate.

It was said that he could almost seize the souls of animals as well as of men and fix them in

¹ Anth. Plan. iv. 54, translated by H. Stuart Jones.

bronze. He made a bronze cow which stood on the Acropolis, so extraordinarily lifelike that numerous epigrams were written about it: "a real cow with a bronze skin;" "a bronze cow with a living soul;" so true to life that "the cowherd attempted to drive it away."

To sum up: Myron was a sculptor of the Golden Age. Freed from the fetters of archaism, his sculptures showed wonderful knowledge of anatomy, a union of strength with grace, and above all, an intensity of exertion without extravagance of action which breathes the spirit of Greece in her best time. Pliny says he "multiplied truth"; this may mean that he depicted a larger range of attitudes and actions than former sculptors had done, and he also says that he represented the expression of physical powers, not the expression of intellectual feelings.

Myron mounted high; he idealised the body and its powers. It was not given to him to take the one step more which was needed, the highest step of all, and to express spiritual truth in transcendent bodily form. That step was taken by Pheidias.

CHAPTER VII.

PHEIDIAS.

PHEIDIAS was born at Athens about the year 500 B.C. Of his childhood we know nothing except that he must have seen the excitement and joy of the city in 490 B.C. when news was brought to it of the victory at Marathon over the Persians. As he grew up, the remembrance of Marathon, and perhaps the expectation of another struggle, must have braced and stirred him to wide thoughts and high aspirations. Then, as he was entering manhood, the final struggle did come, a struggle in which it is likely that he bore his share and fought with his fellow - Athenians at the battles of Salamis and Plataea (480 B.C. and 479 B.C.).

In order to understand Greek art, we must realise its connection with Greek history. The Persian invasion, first by Darius and then by Xerxes, threatened Greece with overthrow ; indeed, both before and after the sea-fight of Salamis, Athens was entered by the Persians and laid waste, the inhabitants having been forced to flee to a

place of refuge. But the Greeks knew that to fall into the hands of Persia would mean slavery and degradation. They determined to resist; they fought and conquered by dint of personal manliness, personal unselfishness and comradeship. Each man sank his own desires for ease and luxury into the common banding together for the good of the State. He himself was nothing; he would die, if need be, if by that means the freedom, the independence of Greece could be secured. Thus they triumphed in their fight for liberty. And so we can understand how, rejoicing in their great deliverance, the people of Athens, after the repulse of the Persians, returned to their own city to take possession of it again. But what a scene of ruin met their eyes! Houses, temples, statues, broken, burned, overthrown. Twice consumed, twice demolished, Athens lay before them, a heap of fire-blackened ruins.

But wonderful as had been the energy of the Athenians in war, just as wonderful was their energy now in peace. History tells how they began to rebuild their city, how they raised their strong walls and fortified their harbours. For some years the political affairs of Athens were under the leadership of Cimon, son of Miltiades, the general who commanded at Marathon, and it was during his administration that the nation began to redecorate the Acropolis.

The Acropolis of Athens is the steep rocky hill

around which the ancient city was built. In early times it was the fortress or citadel. How it was made ready to receive its new temples shows the spirit of zeal which animated the people. They built up the great walls round the edge of the Acropolis until they rose to the height of the central ridge. Then they filled up the sloping depressions with earth and with débris, consisting of remains of the temples and statues overturned by the Persians, flattened it all down, and produced the present level surface. Thus the Acropolis received its present aspect of a small compact island of rock, rising out of the plain like a stool, with precipitous sides and a flat top.

Some years ago, between 1882 and 1889, when excavations were conducted on the Acropolis, many of the statues and fragments thus buried by the Athenians were unearthed, and are now arranged in the museum built to receive them on the Acropolis itself: among them is the vivid series of archaic female statues which we spoke of in the fourth chapter. Thus the destruction of the Acropolis by the Persians has resulted in preserving for our sight, two thousand years later, productions of early Greek art, some, vivid, startling, brilliantly coloured, some of mingled beauty and quaintness, of which we should otherwise have had no knowledge, and of which we can say with certainty, "they must have been made before the year of the battle of Salamis."

When Cimon died, Pericles became the leading statesman of the Athenian people. The name of Pericles is so bound up with the artistic achievements of Athens that, though he was not himself a sculptor or painter, it is owing to him that

“Athens arose : a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud. . . . Athens, diviner yet,
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set.”

For the mind of Pericles was filled with ideals of noble culture, with an unwearying love of pure art, with the desire that Athens should be beautiful with a beauty which might not only delight but also educate her citizens. So Pericles determined, and the people of Athens, glowing with triumphant gratitude, determined too, to give the Acropolis to the gods, to make of it no longer a fortress but a sanctuary, to adorn it with new temples, new statues, above all, to raise on it a noble temple to their own goddess, who had kindled them to victorious fight, and to place a great image of her within it. All this and much more they did, and we call those years the Golden Age of Athens.

Three things they needed—money, materials, and men. Money they possessed in plenty wherewith to purchase gold and ivory, and to pay architects, artists, and workmen; marble of special beauty they could quarry from the mountain Pentelicus,

which lay on the west but a few miles from the city ; and by the wondrous gift and grace of Heaven, genius was forthcoming too. Great was the fortune of Athens : architects, painters, sculptors rose up and pressed forward to the work, foremost among them Pheidias. Pericles looked round for one to be his fellow-worker and overseer in schemes for the beautifying of Athens and the honouring of the gods, and with rare good fortune and happy discrimination it was upon Pheidias that his choice fell.

Now succeeded years in which Athens, filled with the joy of liberty, strained forwards towards the beauty of excellence in Poetry, Architecture, and Art. Pheidias, under the administration of Cimon, helped to beautify the city, but we shall pass on at once to his more important work under Pericles.

For some years the two friends, Pericles and Pheidias, had worked together. Beautiful temples and buildings had risen throughout Athens and Attica ; chief among them shone forth on the Acropolis the great temple, consecrated to Athena Parthenos, the Maiden Goddess of the city. Within the Parthenon an image of the goddess was to dwell, and to Pheidias was intrusted the high duty of fashioning a statue which should meetly express her. So he fashioned her, and one day the great eastern doors of the Parthenon were thrown open, and the people streamed in and

lifted their eyes in wonder to the majestic form which rose before them in solemn dignity to the height of forty feet.

Athena stood, robed in long golden drapery, her face, arms and neck of softly gleaming ivory, her eyes of ivory and precious stones; on her head a helmet crested with a sphinx and two griffins, on her breast the ægis bearing upon it the face of Medusa carved in ivory. To her left at her feet rested her shield, and beside it a golden serpent; while in her left hand she held her spear, and in her outstretched right hand she bore aloft a winged figure of Victory, five feet high. Nor was this all: on the convex side of her shield was wrought in relief the battle of the Amazons, and on the concave side the battle between gods and giants. On the basis were reliefs representing the birth of Pandora in the presence of many gods, and even on the high golden sandals of the goddess were carved centaurs and lapiths in mortal combat.

But it was not from the splendour of materials nor the abundance of detail that this statue derived its distinctive quality. The inner being of the goddess, her spiritual nobility, shone through the bodily form: there, before the outward eye, stood the Spirit of Athena made visible. This was the highest step of all, the step to which the forerunners of Pheidias had with difficulty and toil gradually prepared the way—the expression in outward form of the inward soul. We can try to

picture the lovely goddess as she loomed above her worshippers in the cool and shadowy temple long ago. There stood the Parthenos, the Maiden, upright and stately, Athena triumphant over her enemies, the glory of the Parthenon, the glory indeed of Athens.

According to ancient writers, Pheidias made at least seven or eight images of Athena.

A figure of the goddess formed part of a monument which he executed by order of Cimon, and which was erected at Delphi to commemorate the battle of Marathon. It consisted of a set of thirteen or more bronze figures, chiefly of mythical heroes, but the three principal personages were Miltiades, Athena, and Apollo.

Another statue, called the Athena Areia, was set up at Plataea. It was at Plataea that the Persians were finally driven back by the Greeks. Accordingly the other states paid the Plataeans eighty talents, because of their valour in the battle, and the money was spent in the erection of this statue. It was a figure of wood, probably about twenty feet high, with face and hands and feet of Pentelic marble and drapery of gold.

The Athena Promachos, a colossal statue of bronze, standing on the Acropolis in the open air, armed with helmet, spear, and shield, must have been of vast size. Demosthenes calls it the "great Athena." She was seen by sailors from the sea—

and the Acropolis is three miles inland—though the statement of Pausanias that the point of her spear and the top of her helmet were visible from ships just after rounding Sunium, has been shown to be an exaggeration. This statue may have been set up by order of Cimon, and we feel sure it was set up as a memorial of the victory of Marathon. It was fitting, then, that Athens should erect a statue of Athena, her champion goddess, valiant and fierce, with warlike aspect and attitude. A small statuette in the British Museum may be a reminiscence of this stupendous image. She steps forward in a hostile attitude, the spear raised in her right hand, her left arm bent as if holding a shield.

But still another image of the goddess deserves special mention.

Three statues of Athena, made by Pheidias, stood on the Acropolis. We have seen two of them—the Parthenos and the Promachos; and now we come to the third, the Athena called the Lemnian, because she was made at the cost of certain Athenians who went to dwell in the island of Lemnos. About the year 450 B.C. some Athenian colonists left Athens to settle in Lemnos. Before they departed they dedicated and set up on the Acropolis this statue of Athena, of surpassing beauty. This Lemnian Athena was known to the ancients as the "beautiful one," so greatly did her loveliness impress them. It was of her that Lucian

wrote with ardent praise, and said that upon his ideal woman the Lemnian goddess should bestow the outline of her face and the delicacy of her cheeks and her beautifully formed nose. Indeed, if conjecture be right, it is to her that the epigram alludes which says that when you look at the Aphrodite by Praxiteles at Cnidus, you say, "Paris judged well in awarding her the apple," but that when you see the Athena at Athens you retract your judgment and say, "Paris was but a goat-herd in that he did not prefer Athena." It seems almost too good to be true, but Professor Furtwängler conjectures that certain copies of this statue have come down to us. A lovely marble head at Bologna is, he thinks, an ancient copy of the head of the Lemnian, and apparently belongs to a figure of Athena which stands in the Museum at Dresden. Certainly the figure at Dresden with a cast of the Bologna head added to it makes a lovely statue. Casts of the whole statue may be seen in the sculpture galleries of Oxford and Cambridge. It is tempting to imagine that we possess a reflection of a statue which was so lovely that she was called "the beautiful one"; so full of charm that a writer in describing an ideal woman was fain to borrow from the face of the Lemnian; so much admired that some gave to her supreme praise, even among the works of Pheidias himself.

Passing over the other statues of Athena, we shall only mention an Aphrodite, said to be of

exquisite loveliness, which afterwards stood in the Porticus of Octavia at Rome, and another, called Aphrodite Urania (Aphrodite the heavenly). She stood in a temple dedicated to herself, and Pheidias made her of ivory and gold, with one foot resting on a tortoise.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHEIDIAS—*continued.*

EVEN the Athena Parthenos was not the masterpiece of Pheidias. To behold that overwhelming figure, also wrought in ivory and gold, we must go to Olympia, and there, in that beautiful valley, enter the Altis and pass onward amid temples and altars and a profusion of statues to the temple of Zeus.

We stand awestruck before the statue of Zeus. We think of the reply of Pheidias to the friend who asked him after what model he meant to frame his image of the god. "After the likeness of Zeus in the passage of Homer: 'He spake and shook his dark brows, and from his immortal head the ambrosial locks waved, and he made great Olympus tremble.'"

The god is seated on his throne, a figure of such majestic proportions that his head rises almost to the roof. Let him but rise and stand upright, and the temple could no longer enclose him. His golden robe is inwrought with lilies, his right hand bears a winged Victory, also of ivory and gold,

crowned with a wreath and holding a fillet; in his left hand is the royal sceptre inlaid with various metals. Perched on the sceptre is the eagle, the bird of Zeus. The ebony and ivory throne is enriched with gold and precious stones, and more especially with painting and sculpture; statues of winged Victories and of youths seized by sphinxes adorn the supports, and beneath them is a representation of wondrous beauty, of the children of Niobe, slain by the arrows of Apollo and Artemis. Athletic figures and a battle between Amazons and heroes are sculptured on the bars between the legs of the throne, and high on the back above the head of Zeus are the three Graces and the Seasons. On the golden footstool of Zeus are wrought gold lions and battle scenes, and on the basis which supports the image and his marvellous throne are figures of gold, figures of the gods—at one end the sun-god Helios mounted on his chariot, at the other the moon-goddess Selene riding on her horse, and between them a beautiful array of the other gods and goddesses.

Pheidias one day, as we are told, after the image was finished, was standing in the temple before it, and he longed to know whether his work was well-pleasing to Zeus himself. So he prayed the god to vouchsafe him a sign of gracious approval. The legend goes that a thunderbolt immediately fell and struck the black pavement in front of the image. Visitors to Olympia now will look in vain

for the statue, in vain even for the walls and roof of the temple, but they will find still a part of this black pavement, where for centuries a bronze urn marked the spot where the lightning fell.

So, in this majestic form, the ancients saw the image of their god; so Pheidias brought him before their eyes; and not before their eyes only, even in greater degree was Zeus revealed to their mind and soul.

We know this from their own words.

Lucian says, "Those entering the temple imagine no longer that they see ivory or gold, but the very son of Cronos and Rhea, brought down to earth by Pheidias." Another says, "Other marvels we wonder at, but this we worship as the very image of Zeus himself." Quintilian declares that the beauty of the Olympian Zeus in Elis "seems to have added somewhat to the received religion, so truly did the majesty of the work express the majesty of the god." And what are we to say to the impassioned words of Dion Chrysostom? "An image mild and majestic in perfection of form, the giver of life and all good things, the father and saviour and protector of men, so far as a human being could imagine and embody the infinite nature of a god. For see if the statue does not express every name given to Zeus. For Zeus is the father and king among gods, the protector of the state and the kindly friend, the willing listener and the bountiful and the abounding—and he has

a thousand other names. He who could represent all this, he certainly was a perfect artist." The same author also says,—and surely appreciation could hardly be expressed in more heartfelt language,—“Methinks if a mortal weary and heavy-laden, borne down by trouble and sorrow, were to come and stand before the image of the god, he would forget all the things of life he had found evil and hard to bear, so marvellously hast thou, Pheidias, conceived and done thy work, and such glory and grace shine upon it from thine art.”

Anxious to know what more is told of the life of Pheidias, we ask, Was he greatly honoured? Have any other stories concerning him come down to us? Do we know how he died?

His fate, we learn, was sad and cruel, the fate of many of the shining ones of the earth, of many “of whom the world was not worthy.” For he met with undeserved calamity.

A few years after he had finished the statue of Athena Parthenos, he was thrown into prison, and there he died. Some say he was poisoned, others say he died of sickness, and that is not improbable, seeing that he must have been nearly seventy years of age.

There are in all ages mean spirits, jealous of the fame of those who accomplish great things, either in art or life. Pheidias was a friend of Pericles, and Pericles had enemies. They found that it was

impossible to attack the great statesman directly, so they tried to ruin his friends and thus to injure him. They persuaded an assistant of the great sculptor to invent an accusation against him, and Pheidias was accordingly brought up for trial before the assembly, charged with stealing some of the gold which had been given wherewith to make the robe for the drapery of Athena Parthenos. Pheidias triumphantly proved this charge to be false, by taking off the golden drapery and weighing it. Then they brought up another charge. He had sculptured on the outside of Athena's shield a battle between Greeks and Amazons, and they declared that two of these Greeks were portraits of himself and Pericles. The figure of a bald old man lifting a stone they asserted to be a likeness of Pheidias himself, and a warrior fighting with an Amazon to represent Pericles, even though his arm, as he levelled his spear, half hid his face. To introduce portraits on Athena's shield was said to be a sacrilegious act, irreverent to the goddess. Whether the charge was true or not we cannot tell, but anyhow, his accusers succeeded in closing the prison doors upon him, doors through which he never passed out again alive.

Such is the record of the end of the greatest sculptor of the Golden Age of Greece.

CHAPTER IX.

PHEIDIAS AND THE PARTHENON.

WHEN the Athenians mounted the Acropolis and entered the Parthenon to look upon the image of Athena within, they saw also the beautiful sculptures which decorated the outside of the temple and made it, together with its own noble proportions, a worthy shrine of Athena.

These outside sculptures—that is to say, nearly all that remains of them—stand now in the Elgin Room of the British Museum.

The triangular pediments at each end of the building were filled with groups of statues; round the whole of the outside of the temple, above the pillars which upheld the roof, were the metopes, square slabs, sculptured with figures in strong relief, and separated, each from each, by the triglyphs. A triglyph is a plain block of marble with perpendicular grooves cut in it. Then, high up on the temple wall, inside the encircling colonnade of pillars, there ran all round the building a continuous band of sculpture called the frieze.

We do not know that these sculptures are actually

by the hand of Pheidias, but we know that he was manager and overseer of the sculptural adornment of the Parthenon, therefore he most probably designed and worked on some of them; he certainly supervised and approved of the whole as a fitting embellishment of Athena's temple. And truly they breathe the spirit of the art of Pheidias, the spirit of ideality, of sublimity interfused with beauty. Mutilated as they are, the pediment statues, strong, grand, and simple, are the supreme examples of Greek art which we now possess. When the young poet Keats first saw them he wrote—

“My spirit is too weak—mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep . . .
 . . . dim conceived glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an undescribable feud,
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
 Wasting of old Time. . . .”

EASTERN PEDIMENT OF PARTHENON.¹

Towards the middle of the Elgin Room, upon two long pedestals are arranged the mutilated figures which once filled this pediment. Filled, did we say? Alas! those which once occupied the central portion are missing; these that we see took up only the spaces near each end.

¹ The interpretation suggested by Brunn, Petersen, and Dr. Waldstein of certain figures of this pediment is so suggestive that I have followed their guidance in studying its remains.

Pausanias, when he visited the Acropolis, fortunately noted that these sculptures refer to the birth of the goddess Athena.

Briefly, the story which they tell is as follows:—

It is the dim mythical period when the great god Zeus is ruling supreme on the summit of Mount Olympus, where also the other gods abide, high above the lower world. There comes a certain morning when the sun-god Helios, springing with his chariot and horses out of the sea, is about to urge his daily course up the side of Olympus. The mountain lies, quiet and massive, facing the rising sun. But the horses of Helios, spirited and restless, just emerging from the waves, toss back their heads in startled amaze. For something unusual is taking place far on the summit above them. Indeed, Iris, the winged messenger of the gods, moving swiftly with flying drapery, has already reached the two Horæ who are seated guarding the portals of Olympus, and is telling them of the wonderful event which has just occurred. Athena, full-grown, fully armed, has sprung suddenly forth from the head of Zeus cleft open by the axe of Hephæstus, and now stands glorious and rejoicing, in presence of her father and the company of Olympian deities. The gods and goddesses, grouped about the great father and daughter, are filled with sudden surprise. For a new goddess is born, Athena, goddess of wisdom, potent in power and promise of good.

No wonder that Iris rushes off with the news ; no wonder that word of the birth of Athena is carried, perhaps by Hermes, to the lower world, the world of mankind. Hestia, the home-keeping goddess, turns towards the centre of interest, and beyond her the earth and the sea await the wondrous tidings. The yielding fluent sea reclines peacefully on the lap of the earth ; the earth is possibly already agitated by some suggestion of the marvellous news. For what greater thing can happen than this, that over the earth and sea, over the dwellings of mankind, should reign the goddess of wisdom ? Athena is born, to the wonder of gods, to the blessing of men, at the moment when the sun-god rises from the sea, and Selene, the moon-goddess, far on the other side, sinks with her magnificent horse below the horizon to the dark sphere of night.

It will amply reward us now to observe each separate figure in turn.

The first fragment (A C) in the left angle, headless, but with outstretched arms, represents the sun-god, Helios, rising out of the sea and driving his horses before him. He is balanced by Selene (N), the moon-goddess, in the right angle. Next to the horses of Helios comes the half-reclining figure of a young man (D), representing the mountain-god, Olympus. Being the personification of a mountain, he is strongly and massively built, with largeness of line and breadth of model-

ling. It was upon the summit of Olympus that Athena was born; this figure therefore marks the place where the central scene is occurring, as Helios and Selene mark the time of the event, namely sunrise.

Next come two seated female figures (E F) carved out of one block. They are the two Horæ, the sisters who guard the gates of Olympus. In them we approach nearer the actual scene of the birth of Athena. In fact, we see beside them the messenger hasting with the news, Iris (G), whose robe is blown backward by the wind.

Then comes the terrible gap. We must imagine the central scene—imagine Athena standing, armed with helmet, ægis, spear, and shield, before her father Zeus; and imagine also on either side of them the group of the other gods and goddesses of Olympus: Apollo, Poseidon, Ares, Hephæstus, Hermes, Hera, Aphrodite, Demeter, Artemis—all startled and amazed, for

“wonder strange possessed

The everlasting gods that shape to see

Rush from the crest of ægis-bearing Jove.”

We pass on to what we can actually see. The next figure (J) of a Niké or Victory, once winged, may have belonged to the missing central group which most probably included Niké, so greatly associated with Athena in the minds of the Athenians. Next come three grand female figures (K L M); the one nearest the centre is seated, quiet and

stately. She is, according to Petersen, the goddess Hestia, "the personification of the human hearth." And the two figures next to her, so closely related, have received a beautiful interpretation from Dr. Waldstein. Thalassa, the sea, is reclining in the lap of Gaia, the earth; Thalassa, whose exquisite drapery, with its rippling multitudinous folds, implies, in a manner of unequalled beauty, the fluent quality of the sea. Dr. Waldstein points out that the lines of drapery "appear to glide over the breast and ripple over the limbs in small undulations that suggest the fluid. Nay, even in the thick material of the cloth upon which she is reclining there is a suggestion of the fluid rhythm, as of the lapping of waves."¹ (Fig. 8.)

Gaia is seated, drawing her feet strongly back, as if preparing to rise. Finally Selene and her horse sink below the verge. Thus the rising sun and the setting moon bound the scene whose culminating point in the centre of the pediment is the abode of the gods on the summit of Mount Olympus on the morning of the birth of Athena, the goddess of wisdom.

WESTERN PEDIMENT OF PARTHENON.

We need not enter so fully into the discussion of the western pediment. It relates to the old legend concerning Athena and Poseidon. Soon

¹ *Essays on the Art of Pheidias*, p. 158.



Fig. 8.—THREE FIGURES OF EASTERN PEDIMENT OF PARTHENON (BRITISH MUSEUM).

(*W. Mansell & Co.*)

after Cecrops, the first King of Athens, had founded the city, a god and a goddess both wished for the same thing—for the “lordship and love of the lovely land” of Attica. The other gods decided that each of the two should give a gift to the land, and the one whose gift was the most useful should reign over it. Both therefore displayed their offerings on the Acropolis; beside Athena an olive tree sprang up, while Poseidon struck the rock with his trident and a salt spring issued forth. The gift of Athena was hailed with acclamation as the better one, and she accordingly became the patron goddess of Attica and Athens.

In the centre of the pediment stand what remains of Athena and Poseidon, both in agitated movement. Many conjectural names have been assigned to the other figures.

But look carefully at the last figure on the left, which filled up originally the left angle of the pediment. It represents the personification of the river Cephissus—it has been called Ilissus; note the wonderful modelling of the body and limbs, as illustrative of a river-god, instinct with life, true to the human form, yet in fluency and yieldingness of line subtly suggesting the sinuous flowing qualities of a river—the effect finely enhanced by the damp clinging drapery hanging from the left arm.

METOPES OF THE PARTHENON.

The ninety-two metopes of the Parthenon were carved with sculptures in very high relief. Each metope was about four and a half feet square, and within its limits the subject had to be arranged. One figure alone would be scarcely sufficient to fill the space; a group of several figures would also be inappropriate, seeing that the metopes were to be set high up on the outside of the temple, and therefore the figures on them were intended to be clearly seen from a distance. The only course open was to depict in each metope a group of two; by this means the space would be sufficiently covered and yet the figures would stand out with perfect distinctness. But how was it possible to plan a great number of groups, consisting of only two figures, with sufficient variety so as to avoid monotony of arrangement? It was not sufficient to contrast the human form of a Greek with the animal form of a centaur. The faults of sameness and tameness could only be avoided by one expedient, an expedient which not only triumphantly avoided them, but ensured and enforced endless variety and vigour. To depict each couple in deadly conflict—there was the happy solution. Therefore most of the metopes represent the quarrel and fight which took place between the Lapiths, a certain tribe of Greeks, and the centaurs, at the marriage feast of Peirithous.

Fifteen of the metopes, and casts of one or two more, are let into the wall of the Elgin Room, and form a striking and spirited row of sculptures. Some of them, notably Nos. 310, 316, and 317, display marvellous vigour of grouping and masterliness of execution. No. 310 represents the instant of struggle when the two opposing forces meet; the next moment, the Lapith, still pressing forward with onward force, will have struck the victorious blow at his adversary. Note the contrast between the human and the bestial form, and the skilful introduction of drapery.

Wonderfully charming is No. 316, also in the contrast of the forms and in the effective background to the beautiful form of the Lapith formed by the sweeping folds of his large mantle. Vigorous and spirited is the exulting centaur in No. 317, waving a lion-skin on his outstretched arm, while below him lies his vanquished foe, silent in death.

The various maidens struggling in the centaurs' clutches, the pitcher in No. 307, the wine-jar over which the Lapith has fallen in No. 312, all remind us that the action is taking place at a feast, a wedding-banquet, which is suddenly transformed from a peaceful gathering to a scene of confusion and conflict, where now a centaur and now a Lapith is represented as gaining the upper hand.

THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

We may be grateful to time, which has swept away so much we fain would see, for sparing us the frieze of the Parthenon. It encircled the wall of the temple at a height of about twenty-nine feet; its width is three feet four inches, and its length over five hundred feet. Portions of it, however, amounting to nearly fifty feet in length, are irrevocably lost.

It represents, with ideal loveliness, the preparation, course, and culmination of a procession, in all likelihood the Panathenaic procession. The Panathenæa was a brilliant festival comprising solemn sacrifices, gymnastic games, races and musical contests, and one of its most impressive features was the beautiful procession in which the people of Athens—old men, matrons, maidens, charioteers, and horsemen—did special honour, every fourth year, to their great goddess. Ascending the Acropolis and advancing to the Parthenon, they brought with them the peplos, the crocus-coloured robe embroidered with gods and giants by the women and maidens of Athens, and offered it to Athena.

Over the great eastern doors on the front of the Parthenon were set the slabs representing twelve gods and goddesses, all seated, all on a larger scale than the human figures. These, now on the wall of the Elgin Room, are the deities of Olympus,

looking on at the procession as it streams towards them. It makes us feel how near, how actual, the Greeks must have thought their gods were, that they sculptured them as really present at their great festivals. They are in two rows of six, separated by the central slab, on which is depicted a priest, priestess, and three attendants. This slab is not easy to understand; some think it represents the delivery of the peplos to the priest of Athena.

According to the interpretation of Dr. Flasch, the six deities on the left of the central slab consist of Zeus, who sits next to it, Hera with her attendant Iris standing beside her, Ares, Artemis, Apollo, and Hermes. On the right of the middle slab sit Athena, Hephæstus, Poseidon, Dionysus, Demeter, and Aphrodite with her little son Eros. Thus Zeus and Hera on the one side, Athena and Hephæstus on the other, each pair separated by a clear space from the other gods, take the places of honour. Thus the greatest deities, Zeus and Athena, are nearest the centre, whilst those more closely related to human life—Aphrodite, Eros, and Hermes—are nearest the procession and most interested in watching its advance towards them.

Along the other end, the west end of the temple, were sculptured men and youths with horses making preparations and hastening to join those before them. Then along both sides of the building the procession streamed onwards and round

the corners to the front of the temple, where the gods sat enthroned as honoured guests come to witness the festival.

The general outline of the procession is as follows. Standing at the head, on either side of the twelve gods—who are supposed to be unseen—is a group of men, the Archons and high dignitaries of Athens. Quietly stepping up to them are women and maidens, carrying vases, bowls, and other sacrificial objects. They are followed by the victims, cows and sheep, with their attendants: after them come men bearing the trays containing offerings of cakes, who are followed by beautiful figures carrying vessels of wine, and these again by musicians playing on flutes and lyres. Here much of the frieze is lost. Then come a company of elderly men, the *Thallophori*, who carried olive branches—there must have been sixteen or seventeen of them—and after them a line of chariots, each guided by a charioteer, and also accompanied by a marshal and an armed soldier. Behind the chariots comes the most wonderful part of the frieze, the youths riding on horses, and at the back of them, as we have already noticed, are the riders who have but just mounted or are preparing to mount.

Thus at the back of the temple we have the bustle of preparation and along the sides the joyous cavalcade, headed by the musicians. A deeper note is touched when we reach the victims



Fig. 9.—SLAB FROM FRIEZE OF PARTHENON (LOUVRE).

in company with the bearers of offerings. They bring to mind the sacred character of the festival. But it is when we come to the maidens that we realise truly the near presence of the gods.

Look at the Slab VII.—only a cast in the British Museum, the beautiful original is in the Louvre (Fig. 9)—and Slab VIII. Quiet, upright, self-possessed, their drapery falling in straight lines to the feet, their mantles arranged in exquisite folds over the shoulder and down the back; each maiden is perfect mistress of herself, yet each stands, hushed in humility before the great goddess and before the seats of the watching deities.

Passing along the north frieze note the three wine-bearers on Slab VI. (the original of this slab is in the Acropolis Museum at Athens). Nothing could exceed the harmony of these figures, yet mark the variety underlying them, the symmetry, the varied arrangement of drapery, varied pose of hand and arm, slightly varied direction of gaze. Farther on stands a beautiful and vigorous figure of a marshal (No. 42) with both arms raised, one wrapped in his mantle, which falls behind him and over his right leg. He has much difficulty in repressing the three spirited horses of the oncoming chariot. At intervals throughout the frieze are stationed the marshals, controlling and directing charioteers and horsemen. (See No. 65 and Nos. 1 and 5 of west side.)

Now follows the procession of cavalry, a

manifestation of beautiful movement. In looking at those twelve wonderful slabs of the north frieze (XXXI. to XLII.) we know not which to wonder at most—the harmony of the whole or the diversity of the parts. In our day, a train of mounted horsemen is almost invariably characterised by rigid uniformity. The riders wear the same dress, the same kind of boots, the same headgear, hold themselves in much the same attitude. Not such was the case with a festal troop of Athenian cavalry of old, judging from this frieze. The youth (No. 72) dressed in a short sleeveless tunic is turning easily on his horse to give a backward glance. This action recurs at intervals throughout the cavalcade ; see Nos. 64, 79, 87, which last is a beautiful figure sitting with wonderful ease, nude, save that his cloak, clasped at his throat, falls behind him. The head of this figure has unfortunately been broken off. No. 74 is elaborately draped in his mantle. No. 75 wears a long-sleeved tunic, while No. 77 wears a short-sleeved one, and No. 79 again is nude, save for a falling chlamys ; all these, it may be noted, are bare-headed. No. 84, however, wears a close-fitting leather cap and high boots with flaps, while Nos. 87 and 89 have bare feet. No. 88 is turning round to speak with a companion behind,—his face appears over the head of his friend's horse,—while Nos. 90 and 91, with carefully arranged mantles, guide their horses steadily, looking straight before them.

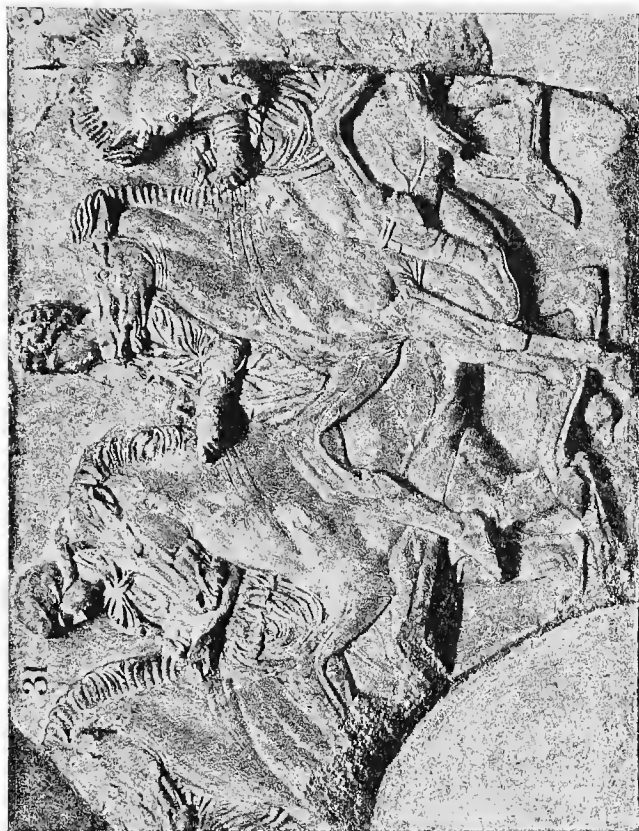


Fig. 10.—SLAB FROM FRIEZE OF PARTHENON (BRITISH MUSEUM).
(W. Mansell & Co.)

No. 92, wearing armour, a high-crested helmet and a cuirass, and No. 96 in a large leather cap, tunic, and mantle clasped at his breast, ride, both of them, grave and quiet, with downbent heads, as if touched with thoughtful awe, while No. 94 between them, scarcely robed at all, having only his cloak cast round him, waves his right arm in joyous animation. No. 97, with level rein and level glance, wears a fillet round his hair. Again in No. 105 recurs the figure looking back, his broad-brimmed hat falling behind his head, his right hand resting on his horse's mane. The large folds of his mantle contrast with the small folds of the tunic worn by the beautiful figure (No. 103) in front of him, who wears boots with high flaps. Finally, on Slab XLII. a boy, charmingly intent, stands behind his master helping him to arrange his tunic preparatory to mounting.

And what of the Attic horses? Prancing along, impatient and spirited, yet obedient to control, some toss their heads, some hold them steady, held in check by their riders, those beautiful youths, ideally portrayed in absolute ease of pose and simpleness of gesture. There comes to memory our own poet's description of a young princely rider,

"As full of spirit as the month of May,"

who was said to

"Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Passing on to the west frieze, note the spirit and freedom of the first rider (No. 2), robed only in a flying mantle, turning round on his horse with upraised left hand. Behind him is a scene of mingled readiness and preparation. Some, mounted, hasten to join the cavalcade; among them one (No. 11) is arrayed in elaborate armour. His crested helmet is adorned with an eagle in relief, a gorgon's head is carved on the front of his cuirass, and lions' heads on his shoulder straps; joined to the girdle are flaps of leather and metal. No. 12, not yet ready, stoops to bind on his sandal; No. 14, already mounted, wears a unique leather cloak made of the skin of some animal, the claws of which wave behind him. The action of No. 15 is most spirited. With flying and disordered drapery he stands behind his rearing horse, straining with strength and skill to subdue it to his will. Behind him half a dozen mounted horsemen press forward, the second of them (No. 17) wearing a petasos or broad-brimmed travelling cap, while behind them again unmounted figures and quiet or restive horses are shown in various stages of preparation for the festival.

The portion of the frieze which ran along the south side of the temple is sorely mutilated. But peculiar in wildly beautiful effect is the flamelike treatment of the horses' manes, notably of those belonging to Figures 8 and 9, and of the four wonderful horses drawing the chariot on Slab

XXX. We see towards the left of these the charming youthful figure (No. 61) who wears a tunic with double girdle; his head and shoulders are gone, but he bears on his left arm a shield.

The victims, which consist of cows only on this south side, are remarkably well preserved. Quiet animals have quiet attendants, neatly draped; before them an attendant (No. 85) with disordered mantle vigorously restrains a restive cow, while the animal in front raises its head and lows in protest as if with premonition of its coming fate.

Finally, considering the frieze as a whole, the blending of restfulness and rhythmic movement gives an impression of beauty not easily put into words. There is the dignity of age, the perfection of gentle womanhood, the joy and strength of youth, the pathos of victims—all directed to one end, that of honouring the gods, whose presence touches those near with a sense of uplifting awe, and subtly influences even those farther off towards the end of the procession.

CHAPTER X.

POLYCLEITUS.

NEXT to Pheidias, Polycleitus was considered by the ancients to be the most famous sculptor of antiquity. Several years younger than Pheidias, he seems to have been in his prime about the year 440 B.C. He was the great successor of Ageladas of Argos, where also he lived and worked. The school of Argos, as we know, was an athletic school, and made principally statues of athletes; thus we may roughly compare it with the school of Athens by saying that it was characterised by more strength and less grace than the Attic school.

Polycleitus is specially interesting for one thing which he achieved in the field of sculpture. He established a rule of human proportions; that is to say, he wrote a book called the *Canon*, in which he asserted that the perfect human figure is formed in accordance with certain laws of proportion, that each different part is relative in size to the others, and to prove his theory he made a statue called the "Canon," in which he followed the rules laid down in his treatise.

The famous statue called the "Doryphoros" or

Spear-Bearer (Fig. 11), which stands in the Naples Museum, is thought to be an ancient copy of this very statue. Another copy is in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, and another in the Uffizzi at Florence. It represents a youth walking forward, the right foot foremost, the left foot half raised. Pliny mentions as a special characteristic of Polycleitus that his statues "step forward on one leg." The left arm of the Doryphoros is raised to hold a spear, the right falls at his side.

There is another statue by Polycleitus of which we have two replicas in the British Museum. It is called the Diadumenos, and represents an athlete with arms raised in order to bind a fillet about his head. It cannot be denied that one's first feeling is that of disappointment. Can these figures be the models of perfect proportion after the rules drawn up by the celebrated Polycleitus—these solid, thick-set figures? How was it that the ancients felt such admiration for them? In the first place, we must remember that these figures are not the originals; they are inferior Roman copies, which undoubtedly render the form with exaggerated solidity and diminished grace. But, some years ago, a small relief which comes to our help was dug up at Argos. It portrays a youth, holding a spear, stepping beside his horse. He is in the attitude of the Doryphoros, in fact, he reminds us irresistibly of the statue, but the form is of such graceful and dignified proportions that,

receiving from it a truer idea of the celebrated canon, we can understand its fame among the ancients. In South Kensington Museum a cast of the relief hangs on the pedestal below the cast of the statue of the Doryphoros. Certainly if we look again at the statue, strong, quiet and firm, we gain an impression of self-contained exactitude. If we stand a little way off on one side, it looks as if it had been made by rule and line ; the hand which fashioned it evidently did so in accordance with a system.

In the second place, the canon itself which Polycleitus drew up evidently aimed more at strength and massiveness than elegance and slenderness. In fact, we know that in the following century the sculptor Lysippus introduced new and slenderer proportions into his statues. This is strikingly illustrated to the eye if, while standing opposite the Doryphoros in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, we glance from it to the Apoxyomenos of Lysippus, which stands out clearly at the far end of the hall.

Though statues of athletes seem to have been the special domain of Polycleitus, we know of one splendid instance in which he rose to the representation of the majestic goddess Hera. In the year 422 B.C. the temple of Hera at Argos was burnt down, through some act of carelessness on the part of Chrysis, the priestess ; probably she had been overcome by sleep. Chrysis fled to

Tegea and sought refuge there at the shrine of Athena. Meanwhile, in Argos, another temple must be built to Hera, and for this new temple Polycleitus, being the greatest sculptor of Argos, was called upon to make the colossal image of the goddess. He may have seen, but surely he had heard of the wondrous chryselephantine statue of Athena in the Parthenon, and for this image of Hera he seems to have derived his inspiration from none but Pheidias himself. It is spoken of by ancient writers as a statue of extreme beauty. Wrought in gold and ivory, the goddess, richly draped, sat enthroned, wearing on her head a diadem on which the Graces and the Hours were sculptured in relief. In her left hand she held a pomegranate, and her right bore a sceptre on which a cuckoo was perched.

Perhaps we may gain some idea of her face from a marble head, more than life-size, in the Museum at Naples. It is called the Farnese Hera. In the face is an ideal calm mingled with severity which befitted the majestic wife of Zeus. Note especially the treatment of the under eyelids, which may have been suggested by the epithet applied to her of the "ox-eyed Hera." No one ought to visit the Naples Museum without pausing to gaze at the calm, inscrutable face of this bust. Another bust, the Hera Girgenti, in the British Museum, is softer in style. The colossal head of Hera in Rome, formerly in the Villa Ludovisi, full of blended

gentleness and majesty, is probably not derived from this statue of Polycleitus, but from the work of a later school of sculptors (Fig. 12).

A picturesque story is told us by Pliny, referring to the four sculptors, Pheidias, Polycleitus, Cresilas, and Phradmon. These artists competed together in making each a statue of an Amazon, which the people of Ephesus wished to place in their temple of Artemis. The Amazons were a mythical tribe of warlike women, fond of battle and manly exercises. They were said to have founded this temple of Artemis, so it was natural that statues of them should be set up in it. Besides, Artemis, the huntress goddess, alert and athletic, had qualities akin to those of the Amazons.

When the four sculptors had finished their statues, and the day came to decide which should be selected, it was determined to ask the artists themselves to give their judgment. Each naturally preferred his own statue, but each concurred in placing the Amazon of Polycleitus next to his own. To Polycleitus therefore was given the award of preference. Whatever truth there may or may not be in this story, certain it is that three distinct and beautiful types of Amazons have come down to us.

The finest example of Type I. is the statue in Berlin (Fig. 13), supposed to be a copy of the original by Polycleitus. It represents an Amazon clothed in the short tunic or chiton, and standing with her right arm thrown over her head, her left



Fig. 12.—HERA (MUSEO DELLE TERME, ROME).

hand resting on a pillar. The expression of pain and weariness pervades the whole face, and yet there is no distortion of feature. She is sore spent after the battle, but still stands upright. There is certainly a "sisterly resemblance" to the Doryphoros and the Diadumenos, which comes out more strongly on closer inspection of details, especially of the head. She also steps forward on her right foot, leaning her weight upon it. Polycleitus is reported to have said that he found his work most difficult "when clay came to the nail." If this refers to the last touches made by the thumb nail, note the finish of the Amazon's belt. The conception, though simple, is powerful and impressive, and the whole figure strong and warlike, though forced to yield to suffering; we see in it a woman on a higher level of physical prowess and endurance than ordinary women.

Of Type II. is a statue in the Capitol at Rome and another in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, representing an Amazon also wearing the short chiton, with the addition of a mantle hanging down the back. She is leaning on her lance, which she holds with uplifted right hand. With her left hand she draws her garment away from the wound on her right breast. There is a painful expression in the sunken head which is intensified in the mouth. The conception of this figure too is good, but she is more of a woman and less of a warrior than the other. It has been

conjectured that this may be the type produced by Cresilas.

The most noted example of Type III. is the Mattei Amazon in the Galleria delle Statue of the Vatican. This statue is wrongly restored: she ought to be holding a spear. She is not wearied, like Type I., nor wounded, like Type II., but unwounded, vigorous, alert. She is gathering up her energies for a leap. Probably she is about to spring on to her horse with the aid of her long lance. Mark especially the exquisite drapery, so rich in tiny lines and folds. We are tempted to assign this figure to Pheidias, but in the absence of proof we must be content with conjecture. Of this alert, unwounded Amazon there is another beautiful replica in the room of the dying Gaul of the Capitol, at Rome. On this statue a head has been placed, not belonging to it, but so fitting, with collected gaze and closed lips, that the effect, seen in profile from its right side, is very lovely.

Let us try for a moment to compare the style of Polycleitus with that of Myron and Pheidias, the two other great sculptors of the fifth century B.C.

In the art of sculpture the prevailing tendency of the time was towards the striking out of new paths. This was exemplified in Myron's choice of new and striking attitudes. But it was against this tendency that Polycleitus directed his energies. He was filled instead with a sense of the necessity



Fig. 13.—AMAZON, AFTER POLYCLEITUS (BERLIN).
(*Berlin Photographic Co.*)

for proportion, system, restraint. Therefore he strove to reduce the rules of proportion to law, and by that rule he made a statue which succeeding artists followed as a model. He produced a written canon in which he explained the proportion of "finger to finger, of finger to the hand, hand to wrist, wrist to elbow, elbow to arm, and so on through every member of the body." The statues of athletes and Amazons of his style which we possess are, as might be expected, not in vigorous action, like the figures of Myron, but calm, firm, stepping quietly forward. His sense of moderation leads him to depict the mean—in age, in height, in action—his figures are neither too young nor too old, neither too short nor too tall, neither in violent action nor perfectly still.

Myron, whose great fame rests on athletes and animals, chose for his motive agile moving figures, and animals depicted with lifelike naturalness of form. He represented balance, it has been said, at special moments, whereas Polycleitus represented proportion, normal and constant. The energetic and keen temperament of Myron led him to observe and depict diverse and fleeting attitudes, while the calmer and more deliberate mind of Polycleitus caused him to study and express proportions in themselves.

But when we turn to Pheidias we enter another region.

Pheidias chose for his principal motives the

greatest divinities, and the majesty of his work was said to be adequate to the godhead it expressed. While Polycleitus established the type of human symmetry, Pheidias established that of divine grandeur. Pheidias recognised as law only the inward being of the god to be represented, and the outward form was but the natural expression of the inward idea. As Dr. Brunn pointed out, Pheidias and Polycleitus began from opposite sides. Pheidias worked out from the idea, making the physical form only the means through which the idea became visible ; while Polycleitus began by making the body according to rule, and representing finally a proportionate organic form.

Both Myron and Polycleitus strove after the highest bodily beauty, Myron in vigorous action, Polycleitus in the demonstrably accurate proportions of the human frame. The difference between them and Pheidias was a difference of aim. The great aim of Pheidias was to express not bodily beauty, but spiritual, not physical forms of living men, but ideal images of invisible deities.

CHAPTER XI.

OTHER SCULPTORS OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

IT is hard to imagine the galaxy of talent which clustered around Pheidias.

Athens, having obtained a brilliant position in Greece, became, under Pericles, the centre of art and literature. In the course of a wonderful speech Pericles said, "Look round on this glorious city ; let the love of her beauty sink into your souls, and remember that it was by the daring deeds of her citizens, done in the cause of duty and honour, that she was raised to this glorious height." In adding to the beauty of their beloved city, a large number of artists worked under Pheidias. His three famous pupils were Alcamenes, Agoracritus, and Colotes.

Of Alcamenes we would fain know more than we do. He was an artist of peculiar eminence, and seems to have followed Pheidias not only along the path of beauty, but into a region of ideal imagination. He had a wide range of material, working in gold,

ivory, bronze and marble. Athens was happy in possessing many works by him.

Beautiful indeed must have been his Aphrodite in the Gardens, a statue to which Pheidias himself is said to have added certain touches. The gardens lay near the Acropolis on the banks of the river Ilissus. If it be true, as some scholars are inclined to believe, that we see the type of this figure in the statue called Venus Genetrix in the Louvre, we can join in the praise accorded to it by the ancients, for the figure, veiled by exquisitely fine and clinging drapery, is beautiful in its effect of delicacy and grace. Of the face of the original we can form no idea, but we hear of it from Lucian, again in reference to his ideal woman, who, he says, shall receive from the Goddess of the Gardens her cheeks and full face and her hands with their delicate fingers and wrists.

Perhaps we may suppose that Alcámenes worked on the frieze of the Parthenon, for we read that he made a statue of Hephæstus, robed in a garment and standing upright, in which the god's lameness was subtly and not unpleasingly expressed. The Hephæstus of the Parthenon frieze, seated next to Athena, also has his lameness gently indicated, for a small part of his crutch is visible under his right shoulder.

Alcámenes is actually said to have made an Athena in rivalry with that of Pheidias. The story goes that Alcámenes' statue was preferred by the

Athenians until both were raised to their pedestals, when that of Pheidias was seen to produce a far finer effect, so sure were the elder artist's calculations from his greater optical knowledge.

In a shrine which stood near the temple of Niké Apteros on the Acropolis was set up a statue of



Fig. 14.—HECATE (CAPITOL, ROME).

Hecate, by Alcamenes, represented in triple form, because she ruled over the triple realm of Heaven, Earth, and Sea. It is thought that this statue originated the style which has brought down to us so many statuettes and bronzes composed of three figures standing back to back round a pillar.

There is one instance in the Museo Chiaramonti in the Vatican, another in the Room of the Bronzes in the Palazzo Dei Conservatori on the Capitol at Rome.

In the ancient precinct of the god Dionysus, beside the great amphitheatre cut out of the side of the Acropolis, were two temples sacred to him. In one of them was set up an image of the god, wrought by Alcamenes in ivory and gold. This statue is represented on an Athenian coin,¹ where he is seen, bearded, seated on a throne, holding a cup in his hand. The artist also made a statue of the god Asclepius, the great god of healing.

Thus we see that the principal subjects which Alcamenes chose to represent were gods and goddesses; we hear of one athlete, and one only, made by him, depicting a victor in the contest of five events, called the pentathlum.

But he was pre-eminently, like his master, a sculptor of divine types, and we may gather, too, that he was a true follower of him in the pursuit of beauty and ideality.

Agoracritus is said to have been the favourite pupil of Pheidias. He is mentioned as having been endowed with much beauty. We learn from Plato of the Greek ideal of beauty and goodness, realised in so many youths of that happy place and time,

¹ Gardner, Numis. Comm. C.C., i. 3.

of one whom "all, down to the very least child, turned and looked at as if he had been a statue," being "as fair and good within as he was without"; of another who "stood like a fair vision, and not less worthy of praise for his goodness than for his beauty."

But as regards Agoracritus we may imagine also that his work was of such merit that Pheidias employed him on his own statues. This may account for the fact that very few works are ascribed to Agoracritus, and may explain the difference of evidence surrounding the authorship of two statues, especially of one called the Nemesis of Rhamnus. Pausanias speaks of it as the work of Pheidias; other writers say he allowed Agoracritus to inscribe his name upon it. If this is true, we cannot but suppose that Agoracritus worked upon it with his master. The statue was carved out of a block of Parian marble, to which peculiar interest is attached owing to the story that it was brought over with vainglorious intent by the Persians who landed at Marathon. Imagining that Athens would be theirs without difficulty, they purposed, after they should have taken the city, to construct a trophy out of this block of marble, and erect it as a monument of their victory over the Greeks. But when their expectations proved false, when the tables were turned and they fled panic-stricken to their ships, pursued by the victorious Greeks, they left behind them this mass of Parian marble. Years after it

passed into the hands of Pheidias and Agoracritus, and the statue carved by one or both of them received the appropriate title of Nemesis. It was a fit retribution that the marble, boastfully intended to be a memorial of Persia's victory over Greece, should commemorate instead Persia's defeat by the Greeks. It represented Nemesis, the goddess of retribution, with a crown on her head, standing, rising to a height of fifteen feet, her left hand holding an apple-branch, her right, a cup to receive libations. Certain portions of this figure, excavated at Rhamnus, near Marathon, are now in the British Museum. In the first room of the Lateran Museum at Rome is a small but beautiful marble statue of Nemesis. It undoubtedly recalls the style of the fifth century B.C. in its simple dignity of attitude and drapery, and some critics see in it a reminiscence of the colossal Nemesis of Rhamnus.

Another statue, the goddess Rhea, set up in the shrine of the Great Mother at Athens, is ascribed by one authority to Agoracritus, by two others to Pheidias. Apparently the only piece of sculpture which Agoracritus is allowed to claim as his own work is a group in bronze of Zeus and Athena. The most natural conclusion we can come to in respect of this confusion in ascribing statues now to Pheidias, now to Agoracritus, is that the pupil was so imbued with the style and manner of his master that his statues were sometimes mistaken for the work of Pheidias himself.

Colotes is said to have been employed by Pheidias to help him in the construction of the Zeus at Olympia. He made the gold and ivory table which stood in front of the god, and on which were arranged the wreaths destined for the winners in the games. Sculptured reliefs on this table represented several gods and goddesses, from Zeus of high Olympus down to Pluto, the god of the underworld, who carried a key to indicate that Hades is locked and that none entering it can return to earth. Among other works by Colotes were an Athena of gold and ivory and an ivory statue of Asclepius described by Strabo as "marvellous to behold."

Scanty as is our knowledge of these three pupils of Pheidias, we yet can gather that they worked in the spirit of their teacher, and, like him, in the service of the great gods of Greece.

We now turn to consider certain sculptors who worked on the lines laid down by Myron.

Lycius, besides being a pupil, was also a son of Myron, and thus derived his art in twofold wise, through inheritance as well as through instruction. He made a great bronze group which was set up at Olympia on a semicircular basis. At one end stood Achilles and at the other Memnon, drawn up in readiness for combat, facing each other. In the centre stood Zeus, with Thetis, the mother of Achilles, on one side, and Dawn, the mother of

Memnon, on the other, each supplicating him to grant victory to her own son. Four other pairs of combatants, standing opposite each other, filled the intervening spaces.

Certain other statues of Lycius adorned Athens and the Acropolis; his image of the wondrously beautiful youth Autolycus, his figures of two horsemen above a buttress of the Propylæa, his bronze boy bearing the sprinkler and basin of sacred water, and lastly, his figure of a boy bending over a dying fire and blowing up the embers with his breath. This statue is said by Pliny to be worthy of his teacher Myron. On the lid of a sarcophagus in the Lateran Museum at Rome is carved in relief a figure of a satyr who is crouching down and blowing up a fire in a stove. It cannot be a close copy, but it is probably a reminiscence of this bronze figure by Lycius.

Styppax, who came from Cyprus, was the sculptor of a curiously similar statue, which was called the *Splanchnoptes*, or "roaster of entrails." Pericles was in sad distress because a youth, one of his favourite and most skilful workmen, employed upon the construction of the Propylæa, the great gateway of the Acropolis, slipped when at work and fell to the ground. He was so seriously injured that the doctors despaired of his life. Pericles dreamt one night that the goddess Athena herself appeared to him and told him to gather a certain plant which grew on the Acropolis and to

make use of its healing properties for the restoration of the sick boy. Pericles did so, and the lad was speedily cured. In thankfulness to Athena for her intervention, a statue of her, as Athena Hygieia, by a sculptor named Pyrrhus, was set up beside the Propylæa. Its basis can still be seen in front of the south column. If, as has been thought, the statue of the Splanchnoptes represented the very slave who had been so miraculously cured, it was certainly a happy thought to place him too beside the Propylæa, bending before the healing goddess, offering up a sacrifice, and blowing the altar-flame in her honour.

Cresilas belonged to Crete, but evidence seems to prove that Athens must have been the scene of his artistic career. The Amazon which he made in a competition with Pheidias and Polycleitus has been spoken of in the last chapter. There remain two works of his to consider, each interesting in a different way. The statue set up on the Acropolis of a man "wounded and dying, in whom the spectator can see that but little life is left," may be the bronze image of "Diitrephes pierced with arrows" which Pausanias notes. We remember the pathetic expression of the mouth and the sunken head of the Amazon which has been ascribed to Cresilas, and surely in this dying warrior there was expressed too not only physical exhaustion but a last expiring effort of endurance. We remember the description of Myron's Ladas,

how his "lips seemed to breathe," though he too was soon to breathe no more, and we seem to see in this statue of Cresilas a work of the same school.

In the British Museum (Fig. 15), in the Vatican, and in Munich, are three heads which are copies of the bust of Pericles, made by Cresilas, representing him wearing a helmet ; for Pericles, being the leader of the Athenian democracy, was commander-in-chief of the army. It is a fine bust, a true "ideal portrait" ; that is to say, it represents to us the face of Pericles more, so to speak, in its ideal than its actual aspect. Here is Pericles, portrayed as history manifests his character to us, a man of dignity, of culture, of thought, and of high aim.

Strongylion seems to have been a sculptor who made his mark in his day and influenced later generations of artists. For it was probably Strongylion who originated the style of representing the goddess Artemis as a huntress arrayed in a short chiton and advancing with free, unimpeded movement in chase of prey (Fig. 16). Examples of this type occur in several galleries. The first instance which we hear of is the bronze statue made by Strongylion and called Artemis Soteira (Artemis the Saviour), which the people of Megara dedicated in their old temple as a thankoffering to the goddess. For they believed that it was she and none other who, on a dim night of 479 B.C., had deluded a company of Persian soldiers into mistaking certain rocks for

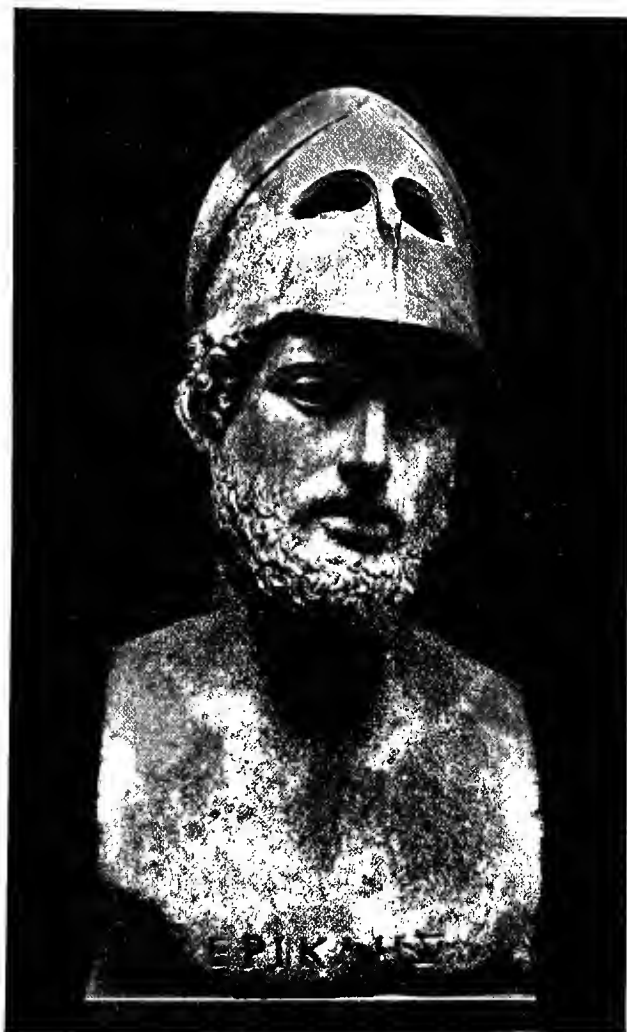


Fig. 15.—HEAD OF PERICLES (BRIT. MUS.).

(*W. Mansell & Co.*)

enemies, and wasting all their arrows in futile shots at them. Fortunately this statue is represented on certain ancient coins of Megara, and from them we



Fig. 16.—ARTEMIS (VATICAN, ROME).

can perceive its attitude and type. Advancing swiftly, bearing two torches: such was the aspect in which Strongylion conceived the goddess.

But, like Myron, Strongylion was celebrated for

his figures of oxen, also for those of horses. He, in fact, was the maker of the Wooden Horse of Troy, that is, a bronze image of the wooden horse which the Greeks filled with soldiers, and, by cunning, incited the Trojans to drag into their city, to the downfall and destruction of Troy. Peeping out of a window in the side of this monster were some of the Greek heroes, Menestheus and Teucer, and the sons of Theseus. In the year 414 B.C., when the comedy of *The Birds* was acted in Athens, one of the players referred to "that object of huge dimensions which you all know," meaning the Wooden Horse on the Acropolis above them. The extreme beauty of the statue of a boy, by Strongylion, so roused the admiration of Brutus, the friend and the murderer of Julius Cæsar, that he named the figure Brutus after himself. We also know that on Mount Helicon stood a temple sacred to the Muses, and either in this temple or in a consecrated grove was placed a group of Three Muses by Strongylion.

Callimachus was a member probably of the Attic school, though we cannot class him as a follower either of Pheidias or of Myron. From the criticisms we read upon his work, he must have been an over-laborious, over-conscientious, over-anxious artist. In his extreme solicitude that his productions should be perfect, he bestowed uselessly minute labour upon details, with the result that the general effect failed in beauty and charm, and

gave instead a painful sense of too laborious effort. He made a group of Spartan Girls dancing, which is described as being "of perfect workmanship, but lacking all charm owing to the too great pains bestowed upon it."

But he is said to have excelled in decorative work, and to have brought in the use of the drill in sculpture. He therefore must have possessed mechanical and inventive talent. When the ancient Athenians visited the temple on the Acropolis called the Erechtheum they must have admired the wonderful golden lamp made by Callimachus, with a bronze palm tree placed over it, rising to the roof, to carry off the smoke. The lamp was kept burning day and night, and was filled with oil once a year. Callimachus seems on the whole to have followed neither Pheidias nor Myron, but to have been primarily an artist of the Attic school, carrying its tradition of refinement to an elaborate and over-strained extent.

CHAPTER XII.

OTHER WORKS OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

IT was to be expected that Polycleitus would found a school. Succeeding artists might be grateful to him, for while the greatness of Pheidias' genius made imitation well-nigh impossible, the rules and accurate maxims written down by Polycleitus and exemplified in his statues were a safe and steady guide. Therefore his influence extended through successive generations of artists, many names of whom are recorded. But for lack of space suffice it to allude here to two only.

Patrocles, a sculptor of athletes and warriors, may have been a brother of Polycleitus; he was father of the younger Polycleitus and of Naukydes. Naukydes seems to have been a sculptor of considerable scope, for besides the inevitable statues of athletes which the school of Argos took special delight in producing, he made a gold and ivory image of Hebe, the daughter of Hera and goddess of youth, who poured out nectar for the gods on Olympus. This image of Hebe was placed in the

temple of Argos, beside the great chryselephantine statue of Hera made by Polycleitus some years earlier. Naukydes was also the sculptor of a statue of the youthful poetess Erinna, who died when only nineteen years of age. Her poetry is said to have been "worthy of Homer," but has all perished, except four verses from a poem called "The Distaff."

It is sad to think that the Discobolus of Naukydes is lost: one would like to have compared it with the Discobolus of Myron. The beautiful figure of the Standing Discobolus, of which there are replicas in the British Museum, the Vatican, and the Louvre, expressing a motive of much greater simplicity than that of Myron's statue, is thought to be more in the style of Alcamenes, the Attic sculptor, than of Naukydes, the Argive. It represents an athlete who has not yet begun to prepare for the throw. He holds the discus in his left hand, rests his right foot gently on the ground, and looks quietly forward.

There stood on the Acropolis of Athens an interesting statue of Phryxus sacrificing to the gods the ram with the golden fleece, the very ram which had borne him on its back through the air over the waves of the Hellespont. Phryxus was represented as having cut off the thigh bones of the animal, and as gazing at them as they burned in the sacred altar-fire. This may have been the identical figure made by Naukydes of a man sacrificing a ram.

It is hard to sum up in a few words the prevailing tone and tendencies of a century of art. In the fifth century B.C. sculpture attained to its highest point in the development of the ideal. Two schools reigned supreme—Athens and Argos. Dr. Brunn points out that in the Attic school Pheidias and Myron were leaders on two different planes, though both strove after ideality; Pheidias in the sphere of the spiritual beauty of gods, Myron in that of the bodily beauty of men. The school of Argos, on the other hand, with Polycleitus at its head, aimed at form, and produced mainly figures of real men, victorious athletes, with truth of knowledge and accuracy of work; though even in them, it is important to remember, individual characteristics were merged in the representation of type.

The sculptor Pæonius of Mende, a city of Thrace, must be mentioned as belonging to the fifth century B.C., though he does not fall among the artists either of the Attic or the Argive school. During the excavations at Olympia a marble statue of Niké was discovered lying near its high triangular pedestal. This is without doubt the Victory on a Pillar which Pausanias saw. The inscription on the pedestal, which is nineteen feet high, records that the statue was made by Pæonius. It must have been a striking object raised high up among the many statues of the Altis. Under her feet is a flying eagle; to lend the illusion of floating

through the air, her wings are outstretched, her drapery blown strongly backwards by the breeze. Truly it must have given a delightful impression of lightness and easy motion, poised in the clear air and under the blue sky of Olympia. The statue is still at Olympia, much mutilated, the face, wings, hands, and part of the drapery gone. A cast of it, mounted on a triangular pedestal, can be seen in the British Museum.

Pæonius must have excelled greatly in winged, floating figures, lightly poised at a high altitude, for the inscription on the pedestal of the Niké also tells us that the acroteria or gable-figures which he made gained the distinction of being selected to adorn the roof of the temple of Zeus, in preference to those of the other sculptors who also competed for the honour.

PEDIMENTS OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

The two pediments of the temple of Zeus at Olympia were, like those of the Parthenon, decorated with sculptured groups; a quiet, symmetrical group in the eastern pediment, a turbulent, complicated one, though symmetrical also, in the western.

Prince Pelops, arriving at Pisa in Elis, became a suitor for the hand of the Princess Hippodamia, daughter of King CEnomaus. Undaunted by the fact that CEnomaus—who possessed immortal steeds

—had stipulated that all his daughter's lovers should run a chariot race against himself, and had overtaken and killed with his spear those who had already contended, Pelops prepared to enter the lists against the king. But first he bribed Myrtilus, the charioteer of CEnomaus, to help him. Myrtilus removed a wheel from the king's chariot and replaced it with one of wax. Accordingly when the race began the chariot broke down, and CEnomaus was thrown out and killed. Pelops therefore gained Hippodamia, and when they journeyed away Myrtilus accompanied them. The lovers, however, grew tired of his presence, and got rid of him by dropping him into the sea.

The scene in the eastern pediment represents the preparation for this chariot race. The god Zeus stands in the centre; on one side of him CEnomaus and his wife Sterope, on the other Pelops and the Princess Hippodamia; beyond them a chariot and four horses on each side, with their grooms, and in each corner two reclining figures personifying the two rivers of Olympia. An old man, bearded, sits on the ground behind one of the chariots, and seems to gaze with sad foreboding at the group before him.

The scene in the western pediment is as agitated as the scene in the eastern one is quiet.

Peirithous, King of the Lapiths, on the occasion of his marriage with Deidameia, asked both gods and heroes to his wedding-feast. Besides these,

he also invited the centaurs. All went well until the semi-bestial guests became intoxicated and set upon the bride and her maidens. The heroes rushed to the rescue, and the famous fight between centaurs and Lapiths took place. It is this fight which is represented here. The battle is in full swing, but in the midst of the fierce struggling groups, in the very centre of the pediment, stands a calm figure, with outstretched right arm. This is none other than the god Apollo himself, whose tranquil gaze and serene presence are in marvellous contrast with the scene of passionate conflict around him. The fragments of these two pediments are now arranged in the Museum at Olympia. By a happy chance the face and torso of the Apollo are uninjured. Small casts of the two pediments, restored, stand in the South Kensington Museum.

PHIGALIAN FRIEZE.

Finding ourselves at Olympia we may turn southwards to Phigalia, for there, at Bassæ, towards the latter part of the fifth century B.C., Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, was called upon to design another temple, on this occasion a temple to Apollo. The people of Phigalia, being moved to show their gratitude to this god, in that he had stayed the plague from entering their city when it was raging in the districts around, invited the most celebrated architect of the day to erect

a temple to Apollo the Helper, and they chose for its site this delightful spot among the mountains of Arcadia. Still from its ruined columns travellers may look across the same lovely view of hill and valley as that traveller of old, Pausanias, who visited the temple and praised it for its beauty.

Round the walls of the Phigalian Room in the British Museum are set the slabs of the frieze which once ran round the interior. Compared with the Parthenon frieze, there is much restlessness, violence, lack of ideality. Far bolder in relief, it is far more turbulent in subject. The subject is twofold: on eleven slabs is represented an attack by centaurs upon Lapiths, and on the remaining twelve slabs a furious fight between Greeks and Amazons.

Beginning at Slab 520 we see centaurs seizing women and overpowering Lapiths; one woman is a mother with her infant. On Slab 523 the two deities Apollo and Artemis, riding in a chariot drawn by stags, hasten to the help of two women, one of whom stands with outstretched appealing arms before a stiff archaic sacred image; the other has clasped the image for protection, but an irreverent centaur seizes her drapery, while a Lapith attacks him from behind.

Note the foreshortening of the centaur lying dead on Slab 527, and the plunging centaur above him biting the neck of the Lapith who is thrusting

his sword into the creature's body. On the next slab a centaur, with body pressed on the ground by a Lapith who kneels on his back, raises his head and wields an axe against the foe in front of him. On Slab 529 the group of the youth with mantle flying behind him and the centaur whom he has wounded in the back recalls the Parthenon Metope, No. 316, which hangs in the Elgin Room. There appears also on Slab 530 the Lapith Kai-neus, who was invulnerable to all attacks. Two centaurs, heaving up a huge stone, are straining to crush him under it; but he, half emerging from the earth, wards it off with his shield.

Slab 531 depicts a scene from the Amazon subject. On this slab the sinking form of an Amazon, evidently mortally wounded, is supported and half lifted by a companion. From Slab 532 onwards the fight rages between Greeks and Amazons. At first the Amazons are overpowered by the onslaught of impetuous Greeks; one of them, on Slab 535, is trying to drag an unharmed Amazon away from an altar to which she has fled for protection.

On Slab 537 a fallen Amazon stretches out her arm, imploring mercy. The next instant will either see her slain or her victor checked by another Amazon hurrying to the rescue. Farther on, Slab 539 is devoted to the discomfiture of Greeks; one dead soldier being carried off the field, another wounded, limping away, leaning on

a friend. The strong figure with club and lion-skin on Slab 541 is probably Heracles. He fights perhaps with the Queen of the Amazons, while to their left a Greek has overcome a mounted Amazon, her steed is falling forward, and she, also falling, is unhorsed by her enemy. Finally, on Slab 542, two Amazons slay a fallen Greek, and behind them a pathetic figure of an Amazon, sinking in death, is tenderly lifted by a pitying friend.

A favourite mode of attack of the Greeks seems to be to seize an Amazon by the hair—it occurs five times on the twelve slabs. Note also throughout the frieze how empty spaces of the background are filled up by fluttering swirls of drapery.

The workmanship of this frieze is coarser, the figures much more crowded, and also shorter and more thickset than those of the frieze from the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus representing also a conflict between Greeks and Amazons. (See the Mausoleum Room, British Museum.)

But the Mausoleum frieze, which was sculptured nearly a century later, was the work of skilled artists, while this was probably carved by local artists of Arcadia or Elis. Still, none can deny the impression of force and the vigour and merit of the design, though it lacks the refined workmanship, ideal beauty, and harmonious rhythm of the Parthenon frieze.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AGE OF PRAXITELES.

WE turn now to the consideration of the art of sculpture in the fourth century B.C. In this century, as in the fifth, three names stand out above the crowd of less noted sculptors, the names of Praxiteles, Scopas, and Lysippus.

We have seen the effect on the art of sculpture of the stand made by the Greeks against Persia. Well they earned their Golden Age, and the spirit which animated them was reflected in their art. Their art was noble and simple : one can feel this in many a gallery where, amid a bewildering crowd of statues, one comes upon a figure whose grandly simple lines and broad treatment carry the mind back to some original of the fifth century B.C. In the Sala Rotonda of the Vatican, for instance, just such a figure stands, serene, dignified, self-contained, in the niche beside the gilded Heracles, to his left hand. From her simply parted hair above the clear outline of her face, to the straight, severe folds falling from her girdle to her feet, the spirit which

breathes from her uplifts one into a realm of largeness and tranquillity (Fig. 17).

The Greeks felt to the inmost fibre of their being the presence, the power, and the protection of their



Fig. 17.—DEMETER (VATICAN, ROME).

gods. Therefore they embodied in visible image the sublimity and the benignity of those powers who had, they believed, helped them in dire need, and given them the victory over their enemies.

Their faith was great, their deeds were great, their art was great, their literature was great. Æschylus and Sophocles reigned in poetry as Pheidias and his contemporaries reigned in art.

But now, in the beginning of the fourth century, a great change had taken place in Greece itself, and the life and spirit of the people had changed too. A sad and disastrous change in many ways. The fifth century had opened with war, but that was a national struggle against a foreign and barbarian foe; the fourth century opened just at the end of another war, the Peloponnesian, which had begun in 431 B.C. and continued for twenty-seven years. But the memory of the Persian war filled the fifty years, the Golden Age, following it, with the energy and talent born of noble effort; the memory of the Peloponnesian war afforded no such inspiring impulse—it narrowed the horizon of the Athenians, it lowered their ideal of duty and of the gods. And why? Because instead of being a struggle for a great end, it was a petty, debasing, dishonouring struggle against a friend and neighbour, against the sister-state of Sparta and her allies—not against an outside enemy. Just as when the members of a family stand loyally by each other against adverse circumstance the effect on their character is uplifting and ennobling, whereas, if the members of that same family disagree among themselves, and allow miserable jealousies and petty quarrels to divide them, their character becomes

weaker and self-seeking, so it was with the Greeks.

There is no need to enter into the complicated details of this struggle and its causes.

To put it broadly, the growing prosperity, power, claims, and exactions of Athens on the one hand, the growing discontent, jealousy, and dread felt by Sparta and other Greek states on the other, brought about the miserable Peloponnesian war, that fruitless struggle which dragged on for nearly thirty years.

When the Spartan king with his army invaded Attica, burning and destroying crops, orchards, and olive groves, the country folk taking refuge in Athens thronged it to excess, quartering themselves as they best could in tents and huts on every available open space. No wonder that the dirt, wretchedness, and overcrowding brought on a terrible outbreak of plague. The dead and dying lay in the streets; no one knew but that he might be stricken next, and, in consequence, selfish terror prevailed. The sick were left uncared for; in reckless disregard of all claims of pity and human fellowship, men gave themselves up to rioting and debauchery. What else should they do, they thought, for what use to trust any longer in the gods, seeing they were either angry or powerless to help? It was in the third year of the war that Pericles himself died of the plague.

\ Now we can realise somewhat of the different

spirit with which the fourth century B.C. began, when Athens, restored again to peace, though not the noble peace of old, continued to cherish art and to nourish artists.

For Athens was still the beautiful Athens of Pericles. Still the Greek mind pressed forward in self-development, in eager questioning in the pursuit of truth. Socrates and Plato rose and flourished, and Athens was a brilliant focus of intellect and art. And what of sculpture? Sculpture was still beautiful, but we must look to see it developing in new directions. Certain old paths are closed or closing. We must look no longer for great temple-statues—the gods were not believed in as of yore; besides, there were now temples in plenty, each with its image. We shall see, as we follow the course of development what new paths the art of sculpture followed. x 187

The first name which stands out clearly in the beginning of this new period is that of Cephisodotus, the father, or perhaps the elder brother of Praxiteles. He seems to stand midway between the Attic school of the fifth and that of the fourth century B.C.; for in the charming statue of Eirene carrying the little Plutus, which stands in the Glyptothek at Munich, and which Dr. Brunn judged to be a copy of a bronze original by Cephisodotus, we can see a blending of the statelier

style of the older school with the softer manner of the new. This gracious, matronly figure, clothed in the long Ionian chiton, with her mantle hanging from her shoulders down her back, bears on her left arm a little child, and inclines her head graciously towards him. This represents Peace with Wealth in her arms. Here we see that a new type of statue is coming into fashion: abstract ideas are personified, a fact of experience is rendered allegorically by means of human figures. In this Cephisodotus leans towards the new century, also in the expression of a tender human emotion; but the largeness of the form, the upright, self-contained attitude, and the dignified folds of drapery reveal the influence of the grander past. The child, it may be remarked, has been wrongly restored as holding a vase; he ought to be holding a cornucopia, the horn of plenty. A copy of the child, most delightful and charming in the attitude of the head thrown back, was found near Athens, and is now in the Athens Museum. This statue stood on the Areopagus or Mars' Hill, and was probably seen by St. Paul.

Praxiteles in all probability was born at Athens, presumably in the early years of the fourth century B.C., just at the close of the Peloponnesian war. He was destined not only to achieve unwonted celebrity in his own times, but actually in our day to attain to one signal distinction, a distinction which time, ruin, and neglect have combined to



Fig. 18.—HEAD OF HERMES, BY PRAXITELES (OLYMPIA).
(*English Photo. Co., Athens.*)

forbid to any other great artist of antiquity. The only statue in the world on which we can look and say, "This is the original work of one of the six greatest sculptors among the ancient Greeks, not a copy by a later artist, but the production of his own hand," is the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia (Fig. 18).

Nearly two thousand years ago Pausanias, during his tour through Greece, visited Olympia, and there entered the temple of Hera. In his account of the statues he saw in this temple, he noted down, by a peculiarly lucky chance, "a Hermes of marble, carrying the infant Dionysus, the work of Praxiteles" (Paus. v. 17. 3). More than seventeen hundred years passed away after that visit of Pausanias. Olympia was deserted, its temples and buildings fell into ruin, were destroyed by earthquakes, and pulled down to supply building material for later days. The countless statues were carried off to Rome, to Constantinople, and elsewhere, by emperors and brigands, or were broken to pieces or burnt for lime: gradually the kindly earth covered the spot on which had once been assembled solemn temples and a glittering throng of statues. In 1875 the Germans began to excavate the entire Altis of Olympia. One May morning, two years later, as they were digging on the site of the ancient temple of Hera, they brought to light that very marble image of Hermes which Pausanias had seen and

noted in that very temple. Where it fell, there it must have lain, century after century. Neither the figure of Hermes nor that of the infant were perfect — of the god the right arm and both legs below the knee were wanting, of the child the upper part of the body and the head. Later the missing parts of the little Dionysus were discovered and one sandalled foot of the Hermes. Most happily, the face of Hermes was uninjured. The statue stands now in the Museum at Olympia, which lovely valley is still its home.

Hermes is standing, holding the tiny god on his left arm, which he leans upon the trunk of a tree, over which he has thrown his cloak. Praxiteles had in his mind the story of how the kindly god came to the help of the little motherless Dionysus. His mother Semele prayed Zeus to let her behold him arrayed in all his splendour of majesty, attended by thunder and lightnings. Zeus granted her request, but the mortal frame of Semele could not bear the immortal glory, and she perished, consumed to ashes by the lightnings of the god. Hermes, seeing the little child left orphaned, lifted him up in his arms and carried him to the nymphs of Nysa, and in their protecting care the tiny god was nourished through the years of his infancy and childhood. Hermes, as we see him in the statue of Praxiteles, is on his way to the nymphs with his little charge ; but this is no longer the old cunning Hermes, swift to fly on messages, alert in mind

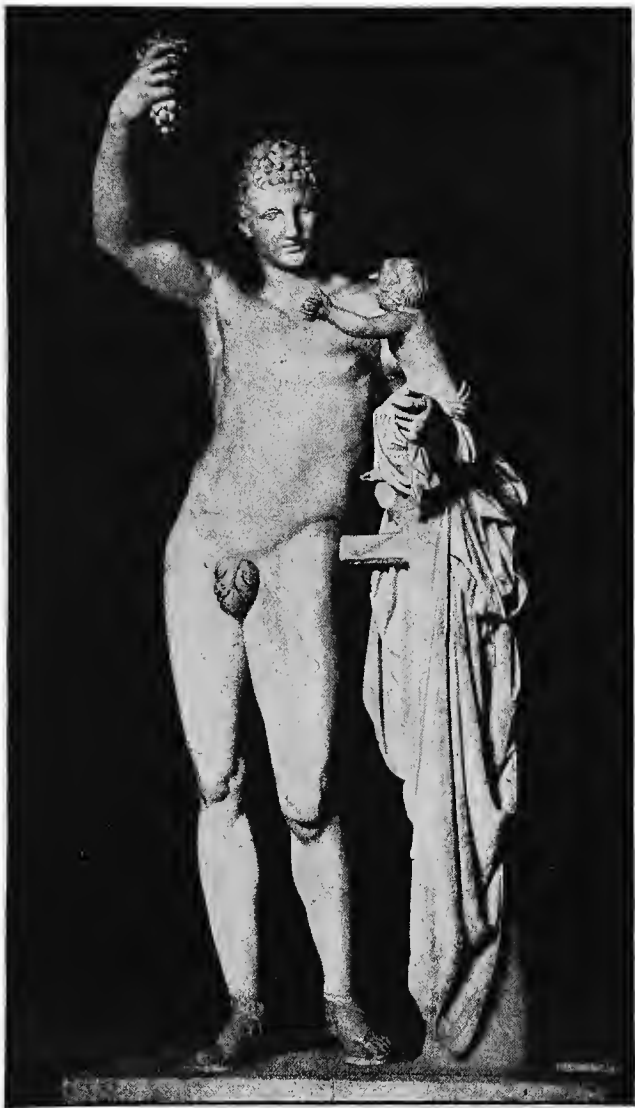


Fig. 19.—HERMES OF PRAXITELES (RESTORED BY SCHAPER).

and body. He has stopped to rest, leans his arm upon a tree, thus easing himself even of the slight weight of the child, and loses himself in gentle dreaming. The child tries to attract his attention, and the god inclines his head kindly towards him, but his glance wanders beyond him. The lost right arm of Hermes was strongly uplifted—so much we can see—but what it held cannot be determined. The beauty and grace and tender expression of this statue appeal to all beholders; he is not smiling, but you see the

“ Light
Of smiles which faintly could express
A mingled pain and tenderness.”

The body is thrown into a restful curve of ease, and the wonderful texture of the skin, the expressing of the muscles beneath the skin, displaying a subtle intermingling of light and shade, combined with the heroic proportions, leave us undecided which to wonder at most—the outward rendering of the form, or the dreaming grace which pervades it. There is still ideality here, though it is not the ideality of Pheidias.

Let us turn from the Hermes to another statue by Praxiteles, the Apollo Sauroctonos or Lizard-Slayer (Fig. 20). There is a copy of it in the Vatican and another in the Louvre. Here we see Apollo as a youthful, slender figure, leaning with his left arm against a tree; he bends forward to gaze at

a lizard crawling up the trunk, and is just about to strike it with an arrow which he originally held in his right hand. Truly indeed the temper of the times has changed to render it possible that the great god Apollo could be represented on this wise. Not so was Apollo depicted a century earlier by the sculptor Pythagoras ; by him the god was portrayed as slaying the foul monster, the Python—a deed befitting the god of light. But now one of the noblest divinities is represented as engaged in a human, frivolous, wanton pastime. A great god is doing a small thing, but we fear that the boyish, effeminate Apollo of Praxiteles was never considered by those who saw him as a great god at all. We must remember, however, that these copies have doubtless weakened and in a measure falsified the original conception of Praxiteles.

A third statue of Praxiteles has come down to us in many replicas, two in the Vatican, one in the Lateran Museum, and others elsewhere ; but the one which has been immortalised by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his book called *Transformation, or the Marble Faun*, is the statue in the Room of the Dying Gaul in the Capitol at Rome. The Faun or Satyr of Praxiteles is peculiarly pleasing. Satyrs were beings who haunted the woods and fields, shouting, rioting, piping, dancing, sporting with the nymphs or following in the train of Dionysus. They were lawless, wild, undisciplined creatures. In the fifth century and earlier they

were represented in art as coarse and ugly, with snub noses and low foreheads, but human in form

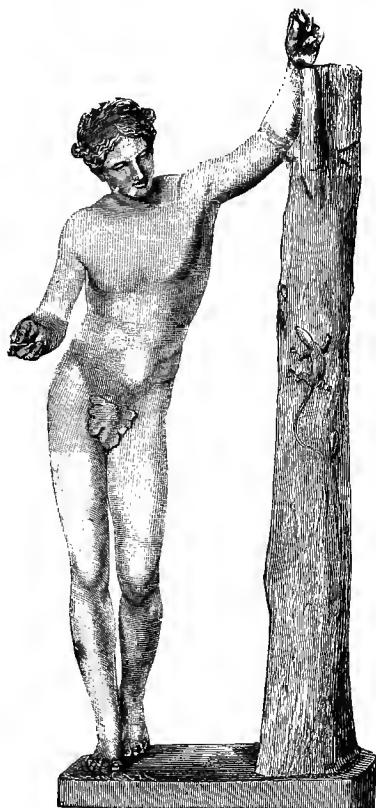


Fig. 20.—APOLLO SAUROCTONOS (VATICAN, ROME).

except for bristling tails and goats' ears. But the tendency of the age led Praxiteles to insist only on the playful, winsome character of these woodland

creatures, and he softened down the coarse and bestial aspect into one of most winning charm. Playful, dreamy, irresponsible, the young faun of Praxiteles stands before us, idly leaning on a tree-trunk, a leopard's skin falling across his breast. Not quite human, however—we catch sight of his pointed ears, and feel the subtle gap between him and a thinking, suffering mortal. We wonder if the original of this statue was the Satyr which stood in the Street of the Tripods at Athens, of which Praxiteles was said to be very proud. Certain characteristics of Praxiteles' style come out very strongly in all the three statues we have mentioned. They all lean against a support, there is none of the upright dignity of the self-contained figures of the Periclean age. And the relaxed attitude results naturally in displaying what has been called the "Praxitelean curve." The line of the whole body falls into a delicate, graceful curve, very alluring, for Praxiteles knew, as his successors did not, how to maintain a harmony of form with softer, laxer attitude.

Shelley sums up the beginnings and growth of Greek sculpture in marble in the lines—

" Human hands first mimicked and then mocked
With human limbs more lovely than its own
The human form, till marble grew divine."

True as these lines are, we cannot feel all their truth, since it has not been given to us to see the

marble image of Aphrodite which Praxiteles made for the people of Cnidus. Famous as he was, on that image his greatest fame rested. To the city of Cnidus, situated at the end of a long promontory in Asia Minor, people travelled from all parts of the Greek world—by sea from Athens and the Peloponnesus, overland from the towns of Asia Minor—all drawn thither to behold the wonderful statue which the living goddess Aphrodite herself, it was said, had sailed over the waves to visit, and having seen, declared that in that very form she had appeared to Paris, when he bestowed on her the golden apple in preference to Hera and Athena. The King of Bithynia, longing to transport the statue to his own kingdom, offered to pay all the national debt of the Cnidians if they would let him have it; but on no consideration would they part with their goddess. The statue, of Parian marble, was set up in a shrine in the midst of a grove of trees. The shrine was open, the different paths led up to it, so that the image could be seen from all points of view. The goddess was represented nude, in the act of laying aside her drapery, before entering her bath. Once more we must refer to Lucian and his "ideal woman." She must have the hair and forehead of the goddess of Cnidus, and the beautiful curves of the brows, and still more, the eyes of Aphrodite shall be hers, the look which Lucian describes as a "melting gaze, yet full of brightness and charm."

Near the staircase in the Vatican, at Rome, stands the best copy that we possess of this Aphrodite by Praxiteles. Her lower limbs are covered by modern drapery. Though only a reflection, we can still see that this is a reflection of a noble work. This is a goddess, dignified yet modest, laying her exquisitely rendered drapery simply and naturally aside, and it falls over the three-handled hydria or water-vessel, the presence of which indicates that she is about to enter the bath and not the sea. There is a dreamy charm in the face and glance, and the hair is lovely in its simplicity of arrangement. A cast of the figure without the drapery stands in South Kensington Museum. There is another replica at Munich, which is also simple and refined.

The Venus of the Capitoline Museum and the Venus dei Medici at Florence, with their too strongly marked self-consciousness and over-elaborate arrangement of hair, must not be considered replicas of Praxiteles' image, but statues by later sculptors, who copied his ideas but altered them in accordance with their own less refined taste.

There is a story that Praxiteles promised Phryne, whom he loved, that he would give her one of his statues; she therefore wished to choose the best, but she could not persuade him to tell her which he considered his finest work. In order to find out, she had recourse to stratagem. She sent a

slave hurriedly to him one day with the message that his workshop was on fire, and many of his statues destroyed. Praxiteles in distress and excitement cried out that his work had been in vain if the Satyr and the Eros had perished. Phryne accordingly chose the Eros, and set it up in a temple at Thespiæ, a town in Bœotia, near Mount Helicon. This statue of Eros was taken to Rome four hundred years after by Caligula, and was destroyed by fire in the reign of the Emperor Titus. But it is supposed that various statues of Eros,—sometimes they are called Thanatos, meaning death,—in Rome, in Naples, in the Louvre, are derived from this original, for which the ancients had almost as unbounded an admiration as for the Aphrodite of Cnidus. People flocked to Thespiæ to see the Eros, as they did to Cnidus to see the goddess. We know that Praxiteles represented the god of love as winged. There is a head and a torso in the Galleria delle Statue in the Vatican, a statue in the Galleria dei Candelabri of the Vatican, and another in the Palazzo dei Conservatori on the Capitol, which all recall the soft forms and dreamy grace of Praxiteles. Certainly the face of the Vatican Torso has an extraordinary pensive melancholy, a visionary sadness which chimes in with what we can see of Praxiteles' style in the face of the Hermes.

It would take too long to give an account of the other works of Praxiteles which are mentioned in

ancient literature. His activity was marvellous. When we bear in mind the beauty, grace, and excellence of his statues, we can hardly believe that we are told of nearly fifty works by him, many of them not single statues, but groups. Though he produced beautiful figures in bronze, marble seems to have been the medium through which his genius most perfectly expressed itself, that genius, as an ancient writer says, for "instilling into his marble figures the moods of the soul."

CHAPTER XIV.

SCOPAS.

SCOPAS was a contemporary of Praxiteles, in all probability a few years older. His home was in the island of Paros, but we hear of him in Athens about the year 378 B.C., and we know that he worked also at Tegea, and at Halicarnassus in Asia Minor. He is, if not more interesting, yet a more striking figure than Praxiteles. He and Praxiteles seem to form, so to speak, the two fountainheads of the younger school of Attic art, from which two streams flowed, the followers of Praxiteles developing in one direction, those of Scopas branching out in another.

We will begin by considering his statue of a Mænad, because it must have expressed in a marked degree the special tendency of Scopas, and an account of it will help us to distinguish wherein his tendency differed from that of Praxiteles. This statue has not come down to us. We imagine that we see reminiscences of it in the wild, beautiful figures with fluttering garments, head thrown backwards, often holding half a kid, which we see in so

many reliefs. There is a small one representing a Mænad with head inclined forward on the wall of the little room which contains the Discobolus in the British Museum. The Mænads or Bacchantes were the women who, at the festival of Dionysus, filled with uncontrollable enthusiasm for the god of wine, danced themselves into delirious excitement, and rushed singing and shrieking with streaming hair over mountains and meadows, through valleys and forests, crying upon the god.

Keats, in his "Endymion," wrote—

“ ‘ Whence came ye, merry Damsels ! whence came ye,
 So many and so many, and such glee ?
 Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
 Your lutes and gentler fate ? ’
 ‘ We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,
 A-conquering !
 Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,
 We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide :
 Come hither, Lady fair, and joined be
 To our wild minstrelsy ! ’ ”

The Mænad by Scopas was just such a wild devotee of Dionysus : she was probably represented with a swirl of waving drapery, and we know that she held in her hand a dead kid, which she killed in her distraction as an offering to the god. The statue is described as full of the wildest life, even in the floating hair ; nay, one epigram says that “ frenzy was intermingled with the marble.” (Anthol. Gr. iv. 60. 58.)

If Praxiteles made figures imbued with gentle emotion and tender or playful moods, Scopas animated his with wild impulses and fierce or tragic passions. Herein was manifested the tendency of the age; the old barriers, the old restraints in religion, in life, in art, were breaking down, were gradually being cast aside by the advance of new and undisciplined modes of thought and expression.

There was a group by Scopas which in the time of Pliny (born in 23 A.D.) stood in a temple in Rome, and to which Pliny gave unstinted praise. It illustrated the wonderful story of Achilles' voyage after his death across the sea to the Isles of the Blest. When his mother, the sea-goddess Thetis, received tidings of his death, she rose weeping out of the ocean and lifted his body from the funeral pyre. Thence she took him over the waves, and a fantastic procession joined them, headed by Poseidon, and comprising Nereids or sea-nymphs mounted on dolphins, whales, and sea-horses, Tritons, who are sea-deities, man to the waist and ending in a dolphin's tail, and all the attendant train of the sea-god Phorcys. In this manner Achilles journeyed to his new life in the Isles of the Blest.

The representation by Scopas must have been full of strange life, of fantastic and uncouth shapes, which offered a wonderful contrast to the human forms of the Nereids, and of Thetis, Achilles, and

Poseidon. The wilder shapes would embody the turbulence of the sea, and the softer forms its gentler and more playful aspect. We still see in various museums certain representations of Tritons and marine deities which are thought to exhibit the style of Scopas. In particular, note the head and torso of a Triton in the Galleria delle Statue of the Vatican. A fish's skin is fastened over his breast. In his face is a mingling of fierceness and melancholy, but melancholy predominates as he gazes into the distance over the vast expanse of ocean. He is no sportive creature of the woodland, but a being who bears within him the nature of the sea, restless, longing, fierce yet sad. Though we have no copy of the group of Scopas, there is a splendid relief at Munich which represents, not the subject of this group, but the marriage-procession of Poseidon and the sea-goddess Amphitrite, accompanied by Nereids riding on Tritons and sea-monsters. A cast of it hangs high up on the wall of the Tapestry Room of the South Kensington Museum. It must, however, have been carved in a later time than that of Scopas, as is shown by the presence of the little cupids. In Scopas' day Eros, the young god of love, was represented, not as a playful child, but as a gentle youth.

Pliny also tells us that in a temple of Apollo in Rome there stood a group representing the dying children of Niobe, and he remarks that it was

uncertain whether the group was the work of Praxiteles or of Scopas.

The tragic story of Niobe is soon told. Proud of her seven sons and seven daughters, she vauntingly provoked a comparison between herself and Latona, the mother of Apollo and Artemis. She boasted of the number of her children, whereas Latona, she slightly remarked, only possessed two. Terrible was the punishment that fell upon her. The goddess Latona indignantly informed her own children how she was scorned by a mere mortal. Apollo and Artemis, bent on sudden vengeance, sped swiftly through the air, and ere long the children of Niobe lay slain, pierced by the fatal arrows of the god and his sister.

In the sixteenth century several statues representing this scene were dug up in Rome, and are now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Chief among them stands Niobe herself, grand in her despair, one hand raising her mantle, the other striving to shield her little shrinking daughter, who is cowering against her, having fled to her mother for protection. Two elder daughters are seeking to flee from their mysterious assailants: one has been pierced in the neck, and her left hand is meant to be feeling for the wound; the other, at the opposite end of the hall, yet untouched, is running forward in a vain effort to escape her doom. Another replica of the second daughter stands in the Chiaramonti Gallery of the Vatican,

and is, though without head or arms, far finer in execution, indeed, a masterly study of large, waving, wind-blown folds of drapery (Fig. 21). The son, whose chlamys passes behind him in a grand sweep, as he raises it wrapped in his arm above his head, is really supporting a dying sister, half sunk on the ground. The sister's figure has disappeared. There is a copy of her, however, in the Galleria delle Statue of the Vatican, but in that instance most of the figure of the brother has been destroyed. Another son, still unhurt, his chlamys hanging from his left arm, is stepping upward; a younger boy is wildly mounting a rock, while another, wounded in the back, has sunk on to his knees. The pedagogue, or tutor, ought to be grouped with the youngest son, whom he is trying to protect, as is represented in a copy which stands in the Louvre in Paris. Another daughter half crouches in anguish and spreads out her arms imploringly, while another son, wounded and fallen on one knee, turns his face upwards to the sky, whence the mysterious darts have come, and seems to defy his unseen assailant. Finally, a son lies prostrate, dead or dying, one arm covering his wound, the other partly over his face. There is another replica of this last in Munich. The group in Florence is not complete; there ought to be two or three more daughters.

Apollo and Artemis are not represented; their presence is made known to the Niobids by the



Fig. 21.—NIOBID CHIARAMONTI (VATICAN, ROME).
(Alinari, Phot.)

sudden shower of death-bringing shafts, and to us by the gestures of excitement, alarm, and anguish into which the figures are thrown. Note that there is not one figure without drapery—the female forms are clothed, and some of the sons hold their mantles as shields to ward off the arrows. The intense dramatic power of the group certainly seems to point to an original by Scopas or his school, but it is the tempering of this dramatic action by restraint and moderation which we ought especially to admire and which marks this group as belonging to the fourth century B.C. and not to a later time. There are surprise and fear, but no writhings of agony, no horrible display of merely selfish panic; a brother tries to shield a sister, the mother clasps her child, the tutor helps the youngest boy. And the face of Niobe herself, looking upward in mingled anguish and defiant questioning, though searched through and through with grief, is yet undistorted by it.

The town of Tegea in Arcadia, towards the middle of the Peloponnesus, was visited with a disaster in 395 B.C. The old temple of Athena Alea was burnt down. We do not know how long it was before the Tegeans set about rebuilding it, but when they did so, they asked Scopas to be the architect. The laws of Greek architecture are very few and simple, so that a sculptor could find it quite feasible and within his province to design a temple as well as decorate it with sculptures.

Pausanias tells us that in the front pediment of this new temple was represented the hunt of the Calydonian boar by Meleager, Atalanta, Theseus, and others. The famous hero Meleager went out with other princes and with Atalanta to chase the huge boar sent in anger by the goddess Artemis to devastate the country. The monster was first wounded by the maiden Atalanta and then killed by Meleager. Excavations were carried out some years ago on the site of this temple, and certain remains of this very pediment group were discovered, notably the head of the boar, and heads of two of the heroes. Mutilated they are, but these two heads evince one peculiarity, which, if they are indeed by the hand of Scopas, prove that he strongly realised the importance of the setting of the eye in giving expressiveness of glance. In these heads the outer end of the eyebrow overhangs and partly hides the eyeball, looked at in profile. The result of this modelling is that the glance is directed upwards with intense and painful concentration. The character of these heads bears out to an extraordinary degree what we infer from other sources of the style of Scopas. These heads and the head of the boar are in the Central Museum at Athens. Casts of the two male heads are in the Mausoleum Room of the British Museum.

We have in the British Museum all the remains that it was possible to procure of one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Mausoleum of Hali-

carnassus. It was intended to be a lasting memorial of the love of a wife for her husband and of her sorrow for his loss.

The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, was a tomb of stupendous size and remarkable design, erected in honour of Mausolus, Prince of Caria, by his wife Artemisia, after his death in 353 B.C. Scopas and three other sculptors, Leochares, Bryaxis, and Timotheus, were employed on the sculptures of this building. It was their work, Pliny says, which caused the building to be considered one of the Seven Wonders of the World. A fifth artist, Pythis, made a four-horse chariot of marble, which was placed on the extreme apex of the roof. Pliny's description of the building is hard to follow. Sir Charles Newton understood him to mean that a square temple surrounded by a colonnade of columns was built on an exceedingly high platform or substructure containing the vault. Above the temple rose its pyramidal roof, consisting of steps, crowned by the chariot and horses. The whole building, Pliny says, rose to a height of 140 feet. We have in the British Museum the colossal statues of Mausolus and Artemisia; they are richly draped and impressive in aspect; the face of Mausolus is strong and individual, more Asiatic than Greek in type. Parts of the chariot and wheel, parts of twenty lions, a huge ram, seven horses, and several male and female heads are among the fragments. One equestrian fragment

is an astonishing piece of work, a work of genius—part of a horse and part of a rider; the body of a horse without head, without legs, bearing a closely draped rider, of whom the head and body down to the waist are gone. Yet mark the life, the bounding energy revealed. In Newton's words, "the rearing movement affects the whole frame, and the solid and unwieldy mass of marble seems to bend and spring before our eyes. Equal skill is shown in the representation of the rider. Nothing can be more perfect than his seat. The right leg and thigh seem to grow to the horse's side." It is curious to note how tame and uninteresting the quiet chariot horse standing near looks in contrast.

Three friezes adorned the walls of the Mausoleum. One is much weatherbeaten, but probably represented a fight between centaurs and Lapiths. The second represents a chariot race. Very little can be made out, but the face of the charioteer with the intense gaze carries us back to the heads by Scopas found at Tegea. This single figure, in long drapery, with deep-set eyes, gazing intently forward, is placed by itself on the wall opposite the Amazon frieze.

There is extraordinary force and swing in the Amazon frieze, and it possesses, in addition, the merit of extreme clearness. Seventeen slabs of this frieze are ranged on the wall of the Mausoleum Room of the British Museum. It is called there the Frieze of the Order.

A terrific battle is raging between the Greeks and the Amazons; these latter seem destined to be finally overborne by their foes. The fight is broken up into groups; on Slab No. 1006 two Greeks are about to kill a fallen Amazon; beyond them a wounded Amazon, leaning back on her horse, perhaps faint and sinking, strives to push back her antagonist. On Slab No. 1007 an Amazon lies prostrate, and over her body stands another, in the attitude of shooting an arrow against the Greek who has overpowered her friend. Farther on, on Slab No. 1009, an Amazon, sunk on the ground, turning her body impossibly round, implores help from a comrade, who responds with alacrity and advances on the young Greek who has grasped the hair of the fallen one. On No. 1013 the fight goes hard against a youthful Greek, who has been brought down on one knee—an Amazon stands over him in act to strike. But again an overborne Amazon, on Slab No. 1014, has fallen backward before the onset of a bearded and helmeted Greek.

Slab No. 1015 displays a striking and animated figure. A mounted Amazon is riding backward on her galloping horse, her face turned toward its tail. On the same slab a Greek is defending himself against the spirited onslaught of an Amazon on foot. The next slab (No. 1016) though sadly broken, reveals much beauty of workmanship, both in the surface and modelling of the horse and its

rider. Note the battleaxe of the Amazon on Slab No. 1017. Farther to the right, on Slab No. 1019, a fallen Greek tries to protect his head from the spear-thrust of an Amazon who, mounted on her horse, gallops past him. Before them, a wounded Amazon has fallen on both knees, and a Greek and an Amazon clash their shields above her. On Slab No. 1020 one Amazon engages two Greeks at once, one of whom has fallen on his right knee. Finally, on Slab No. 1022, an Amazon presses upon an overborne Greek, while in the next group of three figures another Amazon is again overwhelmed. Brought to her knees, she implores her foe to have mercy, and he, implacable, pushes back her head and raises his arm to give the fatal stroke, unwitting, however, that another Amazon is speeding to the rescue and hastening up to deal a blow at him from behind.

Full of life and energy, this frieze reveals, in clearness of design, in the beauty of the slim, agile figures, in variety of pose and action, the work of master hands, though which part of it was the work of Scopas we cannot surely know.

Scopas was also associated with another of the Seven Wonders of the World, the temple of Artemis (or Diana) at Ephesus. The old temple was burnt down in 356 B.C. on the very night on which Alexander the Great was born. This new temple, of vast size and magnificence, adorned with a hundred marble columns, was erected in its

stead, and finished before the end of the fourth century B.C. The columns were six feet in diameter, and thirty-six of them were carved round the lowest drum. One of these columns was sculptured by Scopas.

Fragments of this wonderful building are now in the Ephesus Room of the British Museum; among them stands one pre-eminent in beauty, the sculptured drum of a column. On it is carved a mysterious group of three figures which seem to represent Alcestis, the devoted wife of Admetus, standing between Hermes and Death. Hermes, holding his wand, moves slowly forward, with upraised face; Death, with beautiful wings and wearing a heavy sword, stands quietly waiting on her other side. Surely this cannot be the column carved by Scopas, for the quiet beauty and pathos remind us far more of the style of Praxiteles. Still we are thankful that, even though his column is lost, such a lovely one has been preserved for our eyes. When the people of Ephesus burst into an uproar on a certain day three hundred years later, stirred up by the silversmith who "made silver shrines for Diana," and who told them there was danger that "the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised and her magnificence should be destroyed," one wonders whether some of the crowd surged into the temple itself and around this very pillar cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

We have not space to name all the recorded works of Scopas, which included a Heracles, a youthful Asclepius, and figures of Apollo, Athena, Artemis, and Aphrodite. He had a long career, for he worked apparently for nearly half a century, and during that time led the art of sculpture into new and striking fields. To conclude, Scopas was a splendid genius, born at the beginning of a period of decline.

CHAPTER XV.

OTHER SCULPTORS OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.

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IS it possible to sum up in a few words the underlying difference of idea between the sculpture of the fifth century, the Pheidian or Periclean age, and that of the fourth, the Praxitelean age? Two Greek words express it for us. The word Ethos expresses the fundamental idea of the sculpture of the fifth century B.C., the word Pathos that of the sculpture of the fourth century B.C. and later. In the great age of Greece sculpture embodied in its statues of the gods the ethos or permanent character of those gods—Zeus in the greatness of his whole nature, Athena in her enduring strength and wisdom, and in men it portrayed ideal types, ~~balanced in form, harmonious in action.~~ Statues of athletes, for instance, were not portraits of the men themselves, but ideal figures. In the fourth century the permanent element was lost sight of in the delineation of pathos or the passing mood. Praxiteles carved Hermes, not as the “swift messenger of the gods,”

but as busying himself for a few moments in looking after a little child ; Scopas seized on instants of anguish and excitement and embodied actions called forth by transitory events. It may, however, be argued that Myron's Discobolus, which is a work of the fifth century, represents the action of a passing moment, just as much as the falling son of Niobe. True, but the action of the Discobolus is the outcome of the constant practice of his life ; the action of the Niobid springs from a new and sudden event out of harmony with all that has gone before.

Before proceeding ~~to the third~~ great name of Lysippus we must briefly notice a few out of the many other artists who flourished during the Praxitelean age.

The three sculptors who worked with Scopas on the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus were men of high talent and fame.

Leochares, perhaps the greatest of the three, seems to have had a noble conception of his art. A statue of Zeus, by him, was set up on the Acropolis at Athens, and another image of Zeus stood in a group near the harbour of the Piræus. A third statue of Zeus was carried off to the Capitol at Rome.

In the Galleria dei Candelabri of the Vatican there stands a copy of a statue by Leochares representing Ganymede and the Eagle. Ganymede, a beautiful youth, was one day tending his father's

flocks on Mount Ida, when an eagle seized him by command of Zeus, and bore him aloft to Olympus, there to be cupbearer to the gods. A high tree-trunk forms the background of this group; the eagle, with outspread wings, is gently lifting the boy, whose feet are really just off the ground. The eagle is not Zeus himself in the form of an eagle, but is merely the messenger of Zeus; for Pliny says that the bird seems to "feel what it was holding in Ganymede, and also *to whom* it was conveying him," and accordingly lifts him with careful claws, so as not to hurt him through his garment. It was an exceedingly difficult subject to try to represent, but Leochares has managed it cleverly, and with a feeling for the poetic element of the legend.

Bryaxis, who also worked on the Mausoleum, is another artist who ranks high in choice of subject. He made great gods—Zeus, Dionysus, Asclepius. Out of the hundred colossal images of gods existing in the island of Rhodes, five were the work of Bryaxis. Apparently his most famous statue was a marvellous one of Apollo, which stood in the temple in the grove of Daphne near Antioch. The beautiful surroundings may have heightened the effect of the beauty of the god. Through sunshine tempered by the shadows of cypresses and laurels, worshippers advanced to the splendid temple, and there entering, saw the inspired figure of the god, arrayed in long floating drapery of gold, clasped with a girdle. He appeared to be

singing, chanting a song to the accompaniment of his lyre, which he held in one hand, while the other bore a golden bowl, out of which he poured forth a libation.

Timotheus, the last of the triad who were employed with Scopas on the Mausoleum, worked also on the temple of Asclepius at Epidaurus. Here, in this beautiful mountain-valley, the compassionate god of healing had his sanctuary. To his temple flocked the maimed, the sick, the suffering, and, cheered by the gracious aspect of the great gold and ivory statue of Asclepius within it, the work of the sculptor Thrasymedes,—surely it was a figure which carried assurance of divine sympathy and health-giving power,—they received shelter and kindly treatment in the spacious airy porticoes erected for the comfort of patients within the sacred precinct. Some of the sculptured remains of that temple have been discovered in excavations at Epidaurus, among them certain of the acroteria or roof-figures. There is an inscription which records that Timotheus made acroteria for one of the gables of the temple, so that we may perhaps actually see in these remains the work of his hand. Some represent Nereids, others winged Victories. Other beautiful fragments have been found; some of them have lovely drapery, and it is tantalising to feel how near we are to knowing who made them, and yet how impossible it is to be certain.

Euphranor of Corinth was an important figure of his day, noted as a sculptor, a painter, and a writer. It is unfortunate that his productions are lost, for he is said by Pliny to have been an ardent worker, and to have risen to a high level of eminence in every branch which he took up. Pliny adds, *à propos* of his study of proportions, that he made the bodies of his figures rather too slender for the large limbs and heads. Remembering these words, it is interesting to look at a seated statue of Paris in the Galleria delle Statue of the Vatican. Euphranor made an image of Paris in which the ancients thought they could see him in threefold aspect as the awarder of the prize of beauty among the three goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the slayer of Achilles. This statue of Paris in Rome represents him as powerful enough to kill an enemy and beautiful enough to allure Helen. Also the proportions certainly combine large limbs with a comparatively slender body. It may be that we have here a later copy of Euphranor's Paris. Among his other works were a statue of Athena, a beautiful figure of a priestess holding in her hand the key of a temple, a statue of a woman combining in her attitude both wonder and adoration, and an image of Good Luck bearing a bowl, a poppy, and ears of corn.

Praxiteles had two sons who both followed the calling of an artist, but one, named Cephisodotus, probably after the elder Cephisodotus, was, we are

told by Pliny, "inheritor of his father's talent." Several works are ascribed to him, notably a group set up at Pergamus, which enjoyed great celebrity, as it naturally would in an age which preferred to have the senses tricked rather than to have the soul stirred. We read that in this group the realistic element was so strong that the fingers clasping another figure seemed to be sinking into flesh rather than into marble.

Another artist, Silanion, appears to have followed the realistic tendencies of the time, for we hear of no images of gods from his hand, and we have descriptions of two of his statues which make us feel that we are getting very far from the fifth century. It is said that he made a figure of the "Dying Jocasta," and that in order to give her the pallor of coming death he mingled silver with the bronze. He also made a portrait in bronze of a fellow-sculptor named Apollodorus. This Apollodorus must have been a man of excessively unbalanced character; in fact, he was nicknamed the "Madman," because, after bestowing endless labour on his statues, he would—once they were completed—break them to pieces in wild anger that they did not realise the perfection he longed for. Silanion, in his portrait of him, depicted this quality of his temperament so vividly that he seemed to have produced a personification of rage itself.

From Silanion it seems but a step to the realistic

sculptor Demetrius, whose statues were so like the persons represented that Lucian called him a maker, not of images, but of men. He was a realist indeed. He made a statue of Pellichus, the Corinthian general, which displayed all the outward incidental characteristics of age and physical ugliness: bald, except for a few straggling locks blown by the wind; fat, half-unclothed, and with strongly marked veins; whereas he might have chosen to portray him in decent drapery and more dignified manner, as befitting a general and an old man.

But we have said enough to indicate this new line which the art of sculpture pursued, now that it had begun to leave the region of the ideal.

This chapter, however, ought not to end without reference to one interesting name. In the National Museum at Athens are three heads and a piece of marble drapery decorated in low relief, from a more than life-size group made by Damophon of Messene for a temple in the city of Lycosura. They are all striking heads, with hollowed-out eye-sockets; the faces of the two goddesses especially are impressive in a certain grandeur and breadth of treatment.

All that we know of Damophon leads us to believe that he sought and found inspiration in the ideals and the art of the Pheidian age more than in those of his own century, whether that were the fourth, as some suppose, or much later

still, as others maintain. We almost seem to feel ourselves back in the fifth century when we read of the many images of divinities made by him and set up in temples; his statues also of varied materials—the body of wood, probably gilded, the face, hands, and feet of marble—must have produced an effect somewhat similar to that of the chryselephantine figures of the Great Age; and when we read further that on the discovery that it was necessary to repair the great image of the Olympian Zeus by Pheidias, fissures having opened out in the ivory, it seems only natural that Damophon should have carried out with perfect success the work of restoration.

CHAPTER XVI.

LYSIPPUS AND HIS PUPILS.

372-316 B.C. *push over*

LYSIPPUS of Sicyon worked in bronze; his statues were chiefly of gods, heroes, and athletes, and there was hardly a female figure among them. We seem to have, on the whole, almost a fuller account of Lysippus than of ~~any other ancient sculptor~~. We are told that he began life in a humble, unambitious position as a workman, a caster in bronze, but that one day the aspiration awoke in him to become an artist instead of remaining an artisan. This came about through his overhearing the reply of a certain sculptor named Eupompus to some who asked him what older artist he took as his master. Eupompus pointed to the men about him and said, "Nature is my model, not the work of any other artist." When once ambition had been awakened, Lysippus entered on an artistic career of unparalleled activity. He hit upon a novel method of keeping a record of the number of statues he made. For every statue which he sold he put one gold coin into a

vase, and when, after he died, his heirs broke it open, they discovered no fewer than fifteen hundred coins.

A marble copy of the *Apoxyomenos*, one of the most famous of his statues, stands in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican (Fig. 22). The original bronze figure had been carried off to Rome and placed in front of the baths of Agrippa. The Emperor Tiberius was so filled with admiration for it that he caused it to be removed to his own apartments in his palace. He was only prevailed upon to replace it in its former position by the clamorous cries of the people, one day in the theatre, that he should restore it to them. The statue represents a youth standing, engaged in scraping oil and sand off his right arm with a strigil or metal scraper. It was the custom of Greek youths to anoint themselves with oil and to sprinkle their bodies with sand before practising athletics. This youth illustrates in a marked degree the words of Pliny that Lysippus introduced a canon of proportions different from the Polycleitan canon. Not satisfied with the firm, squarely built figures made according to the canon of Polycleitus, he altered the proportions, making the head smaller and the figure slenderer. Comparing the *Apoxyomenos* with the *Doryphoros* in the same hall, we see at a glance how much more active and mobile this tall, slight, long-limbed figure appears than the other. He stands on both feet, more firmly on the left, ready to shift his balance at any instant. The



Fig. 22.—APOXYOMENOS, AFTER LYSIPPUS (VATICAN, ROME).
(*Alinari, Phot.*)

face is refined and pensive—note the line across the brow—and the hair is treated with great naturalness.

Lysippus is known to have made at least four statues of Zeus, one of which was set up at Tarentum, an overpowering colossus sixty feet high. With the exception of the Colossus of Rhodes, it was said to be the tallest bronze figure in the world. When the Romans captured Tarentum in 233 B.C., they found it too weighty to move, so they seized and carried off instead a huge bronze Heracles, also by Lysippus, and set it up on the Capitol. Even this Heracles was of such enormous dimensions that his thumb was as large as a man's waist. He was represented as a colossal weary Heracles. The last individual one would expect to be tired is the strong hero, full of exploits, famous for his twelve labours. But here he sat on his lion-skin, broad-shouldered, with muscular arms, without his club, without bow or quiver, leaning his head in weariness and depression on his left hand. It was a new idea to portray the indefatigable hero as tired, but the times were such as strove after new rather than noble ideas.

It is a tremendous transition from this colossal figure of Heracles to the little bronze statuette of him, not one foot in height, which Lysippus made for Alexander the Great. All that we know of it bears out the words of Pliny that his work

was extremely delicate, even in small details. This statuette of Heracles was enthusiastically admired; it was said to exhibit "a mighty god shut up in a tiny image of bronze." He sat on a rock over which his lion-skin was spread gazing upwards towards the sky, while his right hand held a goblet and his left a club. This figure decorated the table of Alexander, and after his death was owned by Hannibal and later by Sulla.

There must have been splendid force in Lysippus' statue of the sun-god Helios, represented in his chariot driving the four horses of the sun. Perhaps the most interesting figure by Lysippus was an allegorical one which he made for his own city of Sicyon. It was named Kairos, which means opportunity. He embodied his conception in the form of a youth standing on a globe with wings on his feet, to signify that the opportune moment fleets swiftly by; his hair grew in front, but his head was bald behind, to indicate further that when once gone by the favourable instant cannot be seized again.

✓ We have already mentioned Alexander the Great in connection with Lysippus. Again we must take up the thread of history in so far as it bears upon the art of Greece. We have seen Greece glorious, repulsing Persia; we have seen her in the Peloponnesian war, divided against herself, declining in moral greatness; now, alas! we have to see her humbled, bowed before a

foreign conqueror. The kingdom of Macedonia lay on her north; slowly, gradually, Philip, King of Macedon, bore down on the south, fighting, intriguing, seizing towns, until finally, in 338 B.C., he and his force met the Greek army of Athenians, Thebans, Corinthians, on the fateful battlefield of Chæroneia. On this plain Philip won the victory over the Greeks; here fell the freedom of Greece, here Philip of Macedon became the lord of all Hellas.

His young son, afterwards Alexander the Great, fought in the battle of Chæroneia,—Alexander, who was destined not only to succeed his father in the lordship of Greece, but to become lord also of the larger part of the then known world. It seems impossible to speak soberly of his extraordinary character or his marvellous career. He appears in history like a sudden comet in the sky, flashing in splendour of light and energy. A magnificent general, he gained by his conquests a larger empire than any other earthly monarch had ever acquired; yet his military talent, thirst for conquest, and love of adventure and exploration into unknown lands were but one side of his nature. By the teaching of his tutor, the philosopher Aristotle, he was filled with a thirst for knowledge, an eager interest in discovery, research, and science. He was a Greek scholar—always carrying with him a copy of the *Iliad* on his military expeditions—and a lover of literature and

art. So wherever he went the civilisation and culture of Greece went too. He spread the manners, learning, and art of the Greeks among the nations of the East, notably in Syria, in Asia Minor, and in Egypt, where he founded the city of Alexandria.

His personality affected the art of sculpture to a remarkable extent; over and over again we see his type of face occurring in the sculptures of this and a later period; and so it is not surprising to find that Alexander became the great patron of the famous Lysippus.

Exactly how and where the sculptor first attracted the young king's attention we do not know, but a certain bust of Alexander, made by Lysippus, so pleased the king that he issued a command that only Lysippus should have the honour of making portraits of him. This bust portrayed Alexander in a wonderfully clever manner, for it brought out the two special peculiarities—some might say defects—of his head in such a way as to make them heighten instead of lessen the beauty and effectiveness of his expression and bearing. There is said to have been something peculiar in the setting of his eyes, and his neck was slightly awry. So fine was the bust that the following epigram was inscribed beneath it: "This bronze head seems to gaze upwards to Zeus and to speak thus to him: 'Oh, Zeus, the earth is under me; thou canst possess Olympus.'" Other

sculptors must, however, have made portraits of Alexander, for he complained that theirs lacked just what Lysippus gave to his—the true expression of his character. They gave too much softness to the glance, while Lysippus portrayed him in manly and leonine guise. This leonine aspect combined with beauty is just what we see in certain heads of Alexander—notably in a bust in the British Museum, and in a head of Alexander in the Room of the Dying Gaul in the Capitol.

We may instance here the majestic head of Zeus found at Otricoli (Fig. 23), which also, in the leonine appearance given by the heavy masses of hair, in the projecting brows, and the deep line across the forehead, displays characteristics of the style of Lysippus. Nevertheless, though the original of this head dates presumably from his time or later, it can be ascribed with equal likelihood to some artist of the second Attic school, which arose in the fourth century B.C. One thing seems certain—that it is not a copy of the Olympian Zeus by Pheidias. True, the forehead, unusually high, and with great breadth across the brows, gives an effect of wisdom and mental force; the line across it seems to tell of watchful care; the eyes, deep-set and mysteriously shadowed, gaze downward with unruffled calm; the mouth, not quite closed, bears an expression of august mildness; yet the hair and beard, waving in thick masses, are such as we never see in statues of the

Pheidian age. As Burckhardt says, "It is as though some superabundant divine force were rolling and streaming upwards and downwards." We realise that an element of restlessness has now intruded itself into the divine calm of the ideal of Pheidias.

To return to Lysippus: besides busts, he also made statues of Alexander, one looking upward holding his spear, another a representation of the king at a lion-hunt; upon this group Leochares is said to have worked with him. It represented Alexander fighting with the lion, the dogs around, and one of his generals hastening to the assistance of his master. Another group must have been very large. At the battle of Granicus in 334 B.C. twenty-five of Alexander's guards were slain in the first onrush of battle. Lysippus was commissioned to make bronze statues of all these slain warriors, with Alexander in the midst of them. †

Thus we see in Lysippus marvellous activity, talent, and skill. Though he belongs to the fourth century, he stands at the beginning of another age, the Hellenistic age, to which period most of his pupils belong. † We shall deal with the characteristics of that period in the next chapter. Meanwhile certain of his pupils deserve mention for their own sake.

Lysippus had a brother named Lysistratus; if Lysippus sought to portray the human form in its physical excellence, Lysistratus sought to depict

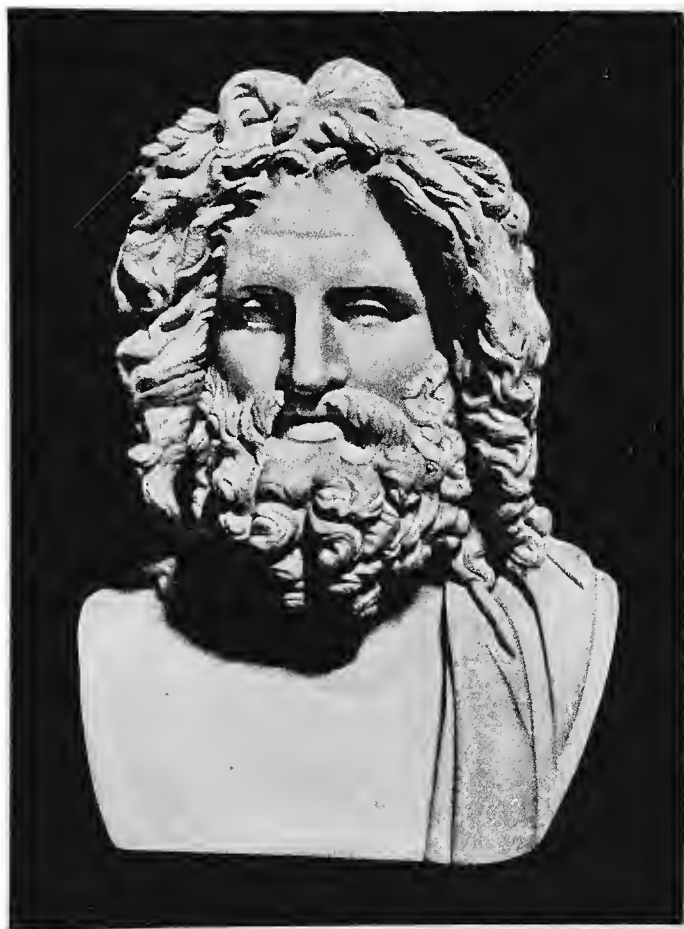


Fig. 23.—ZEUS OF OTRICOLI (VATICAN, ROME).

it in its individuality. He trod the assured path of realism, and was more careful to get an exact outward likeness than to reveal the inner character through the features. To this end, when making a portrait, he began by taking a plaster cast of the face of his subject. Before him, artists had sought to put ideal beauty into their portraits of people; Lysistratus followed the new fashion of rendering the face as much as possible an exact portrait. He slavishly followed real life.

Boedas, a son of Lysippus, may have had an earnest cast of mind. There is a statue at Berlin called the Praying Boy, representing a youth with arms upraised in petitioning adoration. It is possible that this may be a copy of a statue of a worshipper, by Boedas.

But the greatest pupil of Lysippus was Chares of Lindus. Lindus was a seaport on the east coast of the island of Rhodes. We have already had hints that Rhodes was becoming a centre of the art of sculpture. In it was set up the sun-god driving his four-horse chariot, the work of Lysippus, and we have noted ~~in speaking of Bryaxis~~ that a hundred colossal images of gods stood in Rhodes. The image made by Chares surpassed them all in size; its dimensions even outdid those of the colossal Zeus by Lysippus set up at Tarentum. Who has not heard of the Colossus of Rhodes—one of the Seven Wonders of the World—the mighty image of bronze 105 feet in height, whose thumb

could scarcely be encircled by a man's arms? We are told that it took Chares twelve years to make, and that it stood for about sixty years, when an earthquake took place and it was overthrown. It lay prostrate where it fell for several centuries, until its fragments were gradually covered up by earth or taken away. But even after its overthrow it was a wonder to behold, and through the fractures in the bronze the interior of the colossus was visible, revealing enormous masses of stone with which it had been weighted. During its half-century of standing, the gigantic figure, whose head was probably crowned with a circle of gilded rays, must have amazed all beholders, as it flashed in the sunshine before them or loomed spectral in the moonlight.

Another pupil of Lysippus whose work was in an entirely different style was Eutychides of Sicyon. Two of his works are peculiarly interesting. We know that in the fourth century B.C. statues began to be made representing abstract ideas—witness Irene and Plutus by Cephisodotus (Peace with Wealth in her arms), and the Kairos of Lysippus. Now, in the Hellenistic age, when artists sought for fresh ideas to embody and found new subjects hitherto untried, a certain style of statue came into vogue, of which we have a peculiarly charming instance in a statue by Eutychides. There grew up a curious new worship, that of the goddess of a city, who was called its Tyché or Fortune. In

the older times cities venerated great divinities ; Athens was protected by Athena, Argos presided over by Hera ; but now cities worshipped a sort of personification of themselves, and called it the Fortune of the City. Eutychides produced a most pleasing statue representing the Tyché of Antioch. Most luckily a copy of it has come down to us, and is now in the Galleria dei Candelabri of the Vatican. It portrays a graceful, charming woman seated on rocks, thus indicating that Antioch is situated on hills. She holds in her hand a bunch of ears of corn, to denote the fertile cornfields of the neighbourhood, and under her feet swims a river-god, the personification of the river Orontes, which flows below the city. The fact that she is meant to represent Antioch itself is indicated by the battlemented mural crown on her head, which is restored after the representation of the statue on ancient coins. The whole pose of the figure, the graceful drapery, the charming symbolism, are so pleasing that we can appreciate the admiration and honour it received from the people of Antioch.

Eutychides made another statue which also brought out his special characteristic of exquisitely significant delineation. This was a bronze figure of the river Eurotas, doubtless portrayed as a youth ; Pliny says that by his art the sculptor has made it " more liquid than the river itself."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HELLENISTIC AGE.

THE Hellenistic age began in the reign of Alexander the Great, and continued for more than two hundred years, that is, roughly speaking, from about 330 B.C. to 100 B.C. The dominating fact of the Hellenistic age was this—that Greek art, Greek learning, Greek culture were spread abroad and carried into other countries, into Egypt, into the various provinces of Asia Minor, even as far as India. This was done by the conquests of Alexander. Wherever the fiery young emperor marched with his victorious army, he left the impress of his presence. Wherever he went he founded and built new cities, which he set under Greek rulers and peopled partly with the Greeks who followed his army, partly with the native inhabitants of the districts. Some of those cities have survived to this day, among them Alexandria, Antioch, and Kandahar. Thus in Egypt and Asia rose and flourished many splendid Greek towns which diffused over the East the Greek language, ideas, and art.

But Alexander died in 323 B.C. while still a young man, only in the thirty-third year of his age. He died of fever at Babylon, leaving practically no heir to inherit his empire; for he had no son old enough to mount the throne. The generals of his army, several of whom were ambitious, unscrupulous men, found themselves at the head of affairs. Naturally there followed disputes, divisions, and conflict between them. No single one was powerful enough to seize the succession and keep the vast empire united. Thus the contending struggles of the generals resulted in the breaking-up of the empire into a number of states, each with its separate ruler. Then followed rebellion within these states and the founding of smaller kingdoms still, until Alexander's empire was no longer one whole but a multitude of parts. Still, however, Alexander's successors continued to follow his example in building and adorning cities.

During this troublous time Athens finally lost her supremacy, and was no longer the shining centre of active art. This we can understand if we remember that after Alexander became despot of Greece, Athens was no longer a free, independent, self-directing state. Art, too, was a slave to her conqueror. Even the greatest sculptor of the day was not entirely free to choose his own subjects—Lysippus had to obey his master and make portraits and statues of him as he was

ordered. Fortunately Alexander's influence in the sphere of sculpture was not wholly debasing; his fiery temperament, wild genius, and physical beauty stamped itself on the plastic art of the time. And further, looked at from a wide point of view, the new political and social developments in which Athens seems to disappear from sight, were, on the whole, forces for good, not for evil. For they meant that the civilisation, literature, and art of Greece were now stimulating and educating other races and nations, that they were not locked up any longer in Greece alone, but were given to the larger world without. Therefore the art of sculpture, having declined in its own home, sought and found new centres farther east in which to develop.

Before considering the two special centres where it flourished afresh, we will note briefly the lighter characteristics of the sculpture of the Hellenistic age. The city of Alexandria, in Egypt, founded by Alexander himself, became the principal centre of learning and of civilisation of the now Græco-Asiatic empire. Of course sculptors and painters abounded, but we read of no works of great genius.

Sculpture now took to representing trifling and unimportant subjects. The age abounded in works of *genre* sculpture, that is, statues and reliefs illustrating little everyday incidents, either charming, amusing, ugly, or trivial. Statues were now made of ordinary people in the dress of their



Fig. 24.—HEAD OF VENUS OF MELOS (LOUVRE).
(*A. Giraudon.*)

ordinary occupations: such, for instance, as the figure of an old fisherman, an old peasant woman carrying a lamb, a boy playing with nuts or marbles, in the Octagonal Room of the Palazzo dei Conservatori in Rome; the two roguish street boys, in the Villa Borghese, Rome; the boy playing with a bird, also in the Villa Borghese; the realistic drunken old woman clasping a wine-jar, in the Capitol; a maiden protecting a dove from a snake,—these were the kind of figures supplied by sculptors to decorate palaces and private houses, for these were subjects suitable to such a purpose, subjects which it had been impossible to represent in the bygone age when art, filled with a religious purpose, made chiefly statues of the gods for temples.

Boethus, an artist of Carthage, early in the Hellenistic period, was the sculptor of the Boy struggling with a Goose, of which there are several copies, notably one in the Louvre, and another in the Capitol. The chubby, high-spirited child, not far removed from babyhood, clasps with both arms the neck of a large goose, which protests energetically and struggles for liberty. There is a cast of it in the South Kensington Museum.

In the reliefs of the Hellenistic age is revealed another characteristic of the time, that is, a certain love of landscape and an interest in country life. We must remember that society in cities, especially in Alexandria, had become extremely luxurious

and artificial, so that, in sheer weariness of town life and civilisation, people turned for refreshment to representations of country scenes. Such are certain Hellenistic reliefs. One in the Vatican represents a peasant with a cow which is drinking at a spring by the roadside; a tree overshadows the spring and a small temple stands in the background. In the Lateran Museum at Rome is a fountain relief, representing a nymph giving a young satyr a drink of water. The goat-footed god Pan behind blows his syrinx; one goat is feeding, another resting, an eagle devours a hare. Up a wild fig tree a serpent crawls, eager to reach a nest full of young ravens, while the parent birds hover anxiously on a branch. This scene is characteristic of what has been styled the idyllic tendency in Hellenistic art. Akin to this tendency was the fashion of representing fauns and satyrs in rustic or sportive aspect, twisting round to look at their tails, or playing on the flute, or holding aloft a bunch of grapes.

There are certain statues, notably four, which it is impossible to pass over in silence, and yet which are extremely puzzling to the student of Greek art. The Louvre is rich in possessing three of them.

Is it possible that the Venus of Melos, to some the crowning glory of the Louvre, can be a product of the Hellenistic age? (Fig. 24). Dignified, simple, noble, her drapery falling over her lower limbs, the rest of her form bare, her face calm in consciousness



Fig. 25.—VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE (LOUVRE).
(*W. Mansell & Co.*)

of divine strength, the whole breathes forth an impression not alone of bodily beauty, but of mental grandeur, such an impression as we find given by statues of the Great Age. And yet all the evidence which can be gleaned seems to assign it to the second century B.C.

We must remember that in this stirring Hellenistic age there must have been many artists with strong leanings towards special lines of art, and some must have looked to the past and retained a love and longing for the calm, noble statues of the Golden Age, therefore their own works were imbued with qualities derived from that bygone Pheidian ideal of greatness.

On the staircase of the Louvre stands the Victory of Samothrace, colossal, superb (Fig. 25). She stands with windblown drapery on the prow of a vessel—her magnificent wings outspread. The head and arms are missing. We gather from certain coins that this statue was set up to commemorate a sea-fight fought in 306 B.C., so that we behold in her a product of the early Hellenistic period. Truly she must have been a glory to the island of Samothrace, magnificent in the display of splendid force. Strength and grandeur are still here, still surviving from the Pheidian age; it is only the calm that has gone.

The Apollo Belvidere (in the Vatican) dug up in Italy four hundred years ago was long looked upon as a work of marvellous beauty and ideal Greek art

(Fig. 26). Nowadays, with the Parthenon marbles and other Greek originals before our eyes, we rank it lower, feeling that it is graceful but not great, seeing that it is refined away into smoothness; the veins are not indicated, and the hair is over-elaborated. There is a theory that the Apollo Belvidere is a memorial of the invasion of Macedonia by the Gauls in 279 B.C. The Gauls came south to Delphi and advanced to sack the temple of Apollo, but a thunderstorm with enormous hailstones checked them. In the midst of the storm, Apollo, youthful, radiant, godlike, suddenly rose out of the opening in the temple roof, and the supernatural apparition so terrified the Gauls that they fled from Delphi in panic. The monument erected in memory of this repulse of the Gauls was a group consisting of Apollo, Artemis, and Athena, set up in Delphi, and it has been surmised that this Belvidere Apollo is a copy of the Apollo of that group, also that the statue in the Louvre called Artemis or Diana of Versailles, representing the goddess hastening along robed in her short chiton, holding a deer by the horn, is a copy of the Artemis. These two statues certainly correspond in idea and style, and both point to the Hellenistic age, when outside grace and scenic effect were more aimed at than inward truth and expression of lasting character.



Fig. 26.—APOLLO BELVIDERE (VATICAN, ROME).

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HELLENISTIC AGE—RHODES AND PERGAMUM.

WHEN the art of sculpture, during the Hellenistic age, declined in Greece, it revived in certain centres farther east, notably in two, Rhodes and Pergamum.

The island of Rhodes continued to enjoy tolerable peace and commercial prosperity, while wars and upheavals, after the death of Alexander, were agitating the states around. In consequence a flourishing school of sculpture established itself, of which we already know a little. We know that Chares made the great Colossus of Rhodes. Inscriptions have been found on the Acropolis of Lindus containing many names of artists and of their works. We have heard of the hundred colossal images of gods. But art has now fallen from her old heights of serenity and simplicity and noble ideal. This Rhodian school shows us how she was now called upon to make harrowing representations of horrible events.

There is a work of antiquity which has, in modern

times, been almost more talked about, written about, admired, and praised, than any other piece of sculpture. That is the celebrated group called the Laocoon, by three sculptors of Rhodes, Agesander and his two sons, Polydorus and Athenodorus.

Laocoon was a priest of Apollo in the city of Troy. One day while offering a sacrifice to Poseidon with his two sons in attendance upon him, two enormous serpents, sent by divine vengeance, suddenly appeared swimming over the sea, and, swiftly crossing the shore, enveloped the father and sons in complicated coils and crushed them to death. This, Virgil says, was the punishment inflicted upon Laocoon because he tried to induce the Trojans not to drag the Wooden Horse into the city of Troy. Suspecting that it was a stratagem of the Greeks to gain the city, he hurled a spear against the side of the horse; but his protests both in word and deed were all to no purpose. The credulous Trojans dragged the monster, which was full of armed Greeks, within their walls, and these, having thus gained a foothold in the city, leapt out, opened the gates of Troy to their fellow-soldiers, and the city was taken.

The Laocoon group represents the father and his two sons enveloped in the coils of the serpents. Note the technical skill, the knowledge of anatomy, and the clever arrangement of the group. The figure of Laocoon writhing in pain, his left leg



Fig. 27.—LAOCOON GROUP (VATICAN, ROME).

stretched out in helpless anguish, his head thrown back, the agonised expression of his face, the distressed aspect of the elder son, the dying collapse of the younger—all are portrayed with realistic vividness. Especially notable is the anatomical knowledge shown in the minute delineation of veins and muscles in the body of Laocoon himself, and the way in which certain muscles are contracted in anguish. The altar, against which the father is sinking, and over which his drapery falls, is most skilfully introduced, for it supplies an element of solidity and stability to the representation, without which it would consist solely of restless, contorted shapes. It is to be observed further what an important part is played by the serpents in the composition of the group, for without them each of the three figures would appear awkwardly disconnected from each other. The serpents, however, coiling around them, bind the separate units into one whole. The two boys are not good representations of children; they have the proportions of little men, and their heads are too small. In one version of the tragic story the elder son is said to have escaped. It is possible that the sculptors intended to indicate this, for certainly this boy is still unhurt and it seems quite feasible for him to extricate himself. On the whole, the impression produced by the work, though one of consummate cleverness and skill, is not ennobling. Laocoon does not meet death with dignity, but with utter yielding to

terror and pain. He does not seem to be in the least upheld by the consciousness that he is suffering an unjust punishment for a deed which merited reward rather than penalty, for striving to prevent suspected ruin from overtaking his city.

Another famous example of the Rhodian school is the huge group in the Naples Museum called the Farnese Bull, by the two sculptors of Tralles, near Ephesus, Apollonius and Tauriscus. It represents the punishment of Dirce. Dirce roused the furious resentment of the two sons of Antiope by her unkind treatment of their mother. They therefore inflicted upon her the horrible cruelty of binding her to a wild bull, which dragged her about until her sufferings were ended by death. On the rocky, uneven ground the furious animal is struggling in the hold of the two youths, Zethus and Amphion. On the ground in front reclines poor Dirce, helplessly awaiting her fate. Behind stands Antiope, calmly looking on.

This group is much restored. On an onyx cameo at Naples Zethus is dragging Dirce by the hair, while she grasps Amphion's leg and holds up her other hand. This again is a revolting subject with no grandeur about it. Fortunately, it is the moment before the catastrophe; we do not see Dirce enduring the actual torture. It is horrible to think of two strong men and a fierce bull leagued together against a helpless, imploring woman. Another fact has been remarked both about this group and the

Laocoon. In each case the purpose of vengeance is carried out by lower animals, by unreasoning brutes. Here again we note a decline in choice of subject.

PERGAMUM.

Leaving the island of Rhodes we must cross to the mainland of Asia Minor and travel northward to Pergamum. Here, at Pergamum, art and history meet again in the third and second centuries B.C.

About forty years after Alexander's death the kingdom of Pergamum was founded by Philetairos, who seized it from one of Alexander's generals. After him came his nephew Eumenes I., and he was succeeded by the famous Attalus I.

In the reign of Attalus Asia Minor suffered a terrible invasion of the Gauls or Galatians. Southward they poured in great hordes—huge, savage, naked, of uncouth aspect and appalling ferocity. Attalus, King of Pergamum, met them in a great battle near his capital, and actually defeated and drove them back into Galatia. Thus Pergamum, like Athens two hundred and fifty years before, prevailed gloriously over a barbarian invader. Like Athens she celebrated her triumph in her art. Attalus being a Greek, possessed the Greek instinct and love for art. He called upon sculptors and artists to raise monuments for the adornment of the city; and remembering that Greece was really

his country, and Athens her most illustrious city, he sent and placed on the Acropolis of Athens four groups of statues representing fighting scenes. The figures were probably not more than three feet in height, but were wonderfully varied and interesting—gods against giants, Greeks against Persians, Athenians against Amazons, and the battle of Attalus himself against the Gauls.

Copies of these statues, made, most likely, by Pergamenian artists, are to be seen in various museums of Europe—one (in the Galleria dei Candelabri of the Vatican), a nude fighting Persian, sunk on one knee; four in Naples. Of the four figures in Naples the most touching is the beautiful Amazon lying dead on her back, one leg slightly drawn up, one arm thrown upward. Beneath her is the spear which slew her. Quietness and peace encompass her; she is far removed now from battle and turmoil. There is a cast of her in South Kensington Museum. It is delightful to find such restraint in a work of the Hellenistic age. These statues are small, made of marble which takes an extremely high polish.

There is a celebrated statue in the Capitol, the so-called Dying Gladiator.

“ He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony.”

Compare the heroically pathetic self-restraint of this figure with the undignified abandonment to

fear and anguish shown by Laocöon. This is undoubtedly a dying Gaul, one of those huge northern barbarians whose ferocity in battle the Greeks saw equalled by their fortitude in death. His matted hair, the torque round his neck, his moustache, his nudity, his shield and horn, all point him out as a Gaul. These, and the strong modelling, also the polish of the marble, prove this to be a work of the artists of Pergamum, and more than that, show that in all likelihood this is a Pergamene copy of one of the very statues set up by Attalus on the Acropolis of Pergamum itself, in memory of his victories over the Gauls.

Attalus died, and in 197 B.C. his son, Eumenes II., ascended the throne of Pergamum. Again in his reign the Gauls attacked the province, and again were triumphantly defeated and driven back. And now Eumenes raised the crowning monument to commemorate in lasting marble the renewed conquests of Greeks over barbarians. Not content, by founding libraries and inviting scholars to his court, to make Pergamum almost a rival to Alexandria as a home of learning and civilisation; not content, by planting groves, by employing numbers of architects and artists in rebuilding the city, and decorating it with splendid buildings and works of art, to make it one of the most superb cities of the world; above and beyond all this he erected a huge altar, and below the court of this altar, under the great colonnade, caused to be

sculptured, in deep strong relief, a magnificent frieze over seven feet in height.

There it rolled, along the wall, a tumultuous presentation of a battle, but such a battle! No earthly fight between Greeks and barbarians, but the superhuman conflict between gods and giants; for to Eumenes and his Greek subjects their conquests over the barbarous Gauls typified and illus-

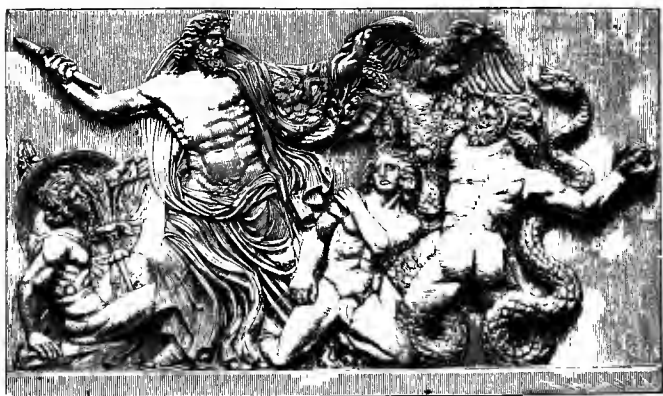


Fig. 28.—ZEUS GROUP FROM THE ALTAR FRIEZE OF PERGAMUM (RESTORED).

trated the victory of the gods over the monstrous brood of earth-born giants. So impressive was the whole structure that it is no wonder that the early Christians who dwelt at Pergamum saw in this heathen altar the seat of Satan (see Rev. ii. 12, 13).

About half of this frieze, all that has been saved from the destructive violence of later times, stands

now in the Berlin Museum, a sight to astonish and impress all who behold it.

Hurling his thunderbolts and waving his snaky ægis, Zeus, half-robed in his mantle, moves towards his right. Two youthful giants fall, vanquished, on either side of him, and a third, bearded and snake-tailed, displays his powerful back, and lifts his arm in defence (Fig. 28).



Fig. 29.—ATHENA GROUP FROM THE ALTAR FRIEZE OF PERGAMUM (RESTORED BY TONDEUR).

Athena, triumphant, a winged Victory hovering near her, seizes a young giant by the hair. Down he sinks, with anguished gaze, his beautiful wings extended, his right hand vainly trying to loose the grasp of the goddess. Gaia, the Earth, mother of the giant brood, rises out of the ground, with agonised glance entreating mercy for her son (Fig. 29).

Artemis, the huntress-goddess, advances swiftly against an armed figure; her short chiton leaves bare a knee and leg of marvellous texture and surface—her dog attacks a fallen giant. A mysterious, nameless goddess holds a vase with snakes coiled round it, and hurls it at a fallen giant. A weird, wrathful figure is Hecate, triple-headed and six-armed. One of the most monstrous figures is the horrible giant wrestling with Heracles; his human body is surmounted by a lion's head, his legs end in snaky coils. Indeed, the fantastic caprice displayed in the forms of the giants is only equalled by the wild fancy shown in the sea-centaur with wings of seaweed, and the hippocamps attendant upon the gods of the sea. One giant is horned, another humped, another, whose legs end in serpents with venomous heads, has the neck and ears of an ox. Some are human in form, some are winged; occasionally a pathetic youthful giant sinks suffering, despairing, dying. Throughout, perpetual coils of serpents writhe and twist about the figures, adding their restlessness to the intense effect of strain and struggle. Here, in this frieze, this tossing sea of sculpture, we see revealed the] unquiet, excited, sensational spirit of the Hellenistic age. Its sculptors preferred to make theatrical representations of excited action, instead of reaching down, as they did in the fifth century B.C., to the deeper truths of the expression of inward and permanent character. It is the out-

ward and visible which art now strives to present to the consciousness, not the inward and spiritual ; to depict the outward actions of gods and individuals rather than to reveal their true inner being and eternal nature.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GRÆCO-ROMAN AGE.

GREEK art has now left Greece, and once more we follow her to a new home, to the great city of Rome. Volumes upon volumes have been written tracing step by step the career and conquests of Rome, first a small town, lastly mistress of the world, a mighty capital of a mighty empire. For the Roman Empire included, at its height, much of Europe, comprehending what we call Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, and Greece, with parts of Germany and Austro-Hungary; a portion of Asia, including Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor; and in Africa, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and most of Morocco. In fact, the Mediterranean formed, so to speak, a large lake in the centre of the Roman Empire which comprised the countries surrounding it.

It was in the year 146 B.C. that Greece was reduced to the condition of a Roman province. And now, with redoubled vigour, continued what had already begun, the "spoiling of Greece," the carrying away

of her wondrous statues of bronze and marble to the city of Rome. Roman generals, on their return from victorious military expeditions into Greece, Macedonia, or Asia Minor, brought in their train waggon-loads of priceless art-treasures, statues of peerless beauty, which, drawn in boastful display through the streets of the capital, added to the glories of their triumphal processions. Roman consuls from Greek cities carried back to Italy exquisite statues and works of art by the most famous artists of Greece. Roman emperors followed them, and despoiled cities and temples of famous statues and sacred images for their palaces and villas and public buildings.

One day in 168 B.C. two hundred and fifty waggons, the spoil of the general Paullus Æmilius, rolled through the streets of Rome, filled with paintings and statues; among them is said to have been an Athena by Pheidias. Another general had in 189 B.C. brought to Rome about one thousand statues of bronze and of marble, from the city of Ambracia alone. In that notable year, 146 B.C., Corinth was taken by Mummius, who stripped the city of almost all her works of art, leaving behind only the early archaic images, which as yet the Romans had not learned to like. Then followed an era in which all the great religious centres of Greek art—Athens, Delphi, Epidaurus, Olympia, as well as other towns—were robbed of their immense and unique treasures. Caligula even

gave orders that the Zeus of Olympia should be removed to Rome; but legend says that he was miraculously foiled in his attempt, for a terrifying burst of laughter came from the image, and the frightened workmen fled. In the reign of Nero occurred the great fire of Rome, in which numbers of statues were destroyed. Therefore when Nero afterwards laid out and built his Golden House, he sent emissaries to Greece, to fetch from that marvellous storehouse of art new images and treasures wherewith to adorn it. These emissaries carried off from Delphi alone five hundred bronze statues. We also read that one emperor actually caused a great number of splendid Greek bronze statues to be melted down to make a colossal image of himself. So much for one out of many instances of imperial vanity. As for private covetousness, we need only ask what became of the gold and ivory statues whose beauty and richness had filled temple worshippers with wondering awe.

Thus plunder, fire, rough handling, and, still further, royal vanity and individual greed, all combined to denude Greece of her works of art, and also in great measure to destroy those works of art themselves. Still, thousands of the costliest treasures of sculpture made their way to Rome and Italy and filled public, private, royal, and religious buildings and precincts with images of beauty or interest from every period and school of Greek art.

So much for the period of plunder. But did the Romans only plunder? Did not new sculptors arise among them, and if so, what were their works?

Artists in abundance did flourish in Rome; we hear of several names. Many were Greeks from Athens and Asia Minor who had settled in Italy, and there were also multitudes of minor artists, both Greeks and Romans. They responded to a new demand which now arose, a demand for copies of famous Greek statues.

Wealthy Romans built themselves villas in lovely country spots, or on the coast, or near the capital, villas with gardens and marble-lined courts, and adorned them with numberless statues and groups. Beautiful marble figures stood in niches and corridors and were ranged round fountains and flower-beds. Private persons, too, were desirous to ornament their houses and courtyards with statues and busts. But the price of statues brought from Greece soon became exceedingly high. Therefore a large field of work was opened to sculptors in making copies of celebrated Greek statues. Thus the period of plunder merged into a period of imitation.

In making these copies the Roman sculptors did what we deplore but can hardly wonder at. They often deviated from the original and stamped on their work characteristics of their own times. And in their own statues, however much they borrowed

the type from earlier Greek masterpieces, they modified the conception to suit the spirit and fashion of the day. This is important to remember, for it is these very Græco-Roman statues and these copies of Greek statues which we see in such numbers in the sculpture galleries of Europe. That is what we mean when we say, "Such and such a statue leads back to an original of the time of Pheidias, or of the time of Praxiteles." We mean that the statue we see was carved by a sculptor in Rome, who copied it from a Greek masterpiece. Now that almost all the Greek masterpieces have vanished, we must content ourselves with the more or less good imitations and reflections of them made in the Græco-Roman age. Fortunately, of late years we have recovered and put into safe keeping much real and original Greek sculpture of different periods, such as many early archaic images, the statues from the pediments of Ægina (now in Munich), the Parthenon sculptures of the Great Age (in the British Museum), the Hermes of Praxiteles (at Olympia), the frieze of the Great Altar of Pergamum (in Berlin). But single statues by the great Greek masters (with the exception of the Hermes at Olympia) are either completely lost or remain to us only in Græco-Roman copies. Such are the Discobolus, the Doryphoros, the Apoxyomenos, the Faun of Praxiteles, the Cnidian Aphrodite, and others too numerous to mention.

A good illustration of the defects of a Græco-Roman copy is a statue in the Naples Museum called the Farnese Heracles. It is evidently a copy of a statue of Heracles by Lysippus, and represents him standing, leaning wearily on his club. But the copyist, Glycon, an Athenian, displays certain qualities and defects which mark the work of Græco-Roman copyists: there is a strong leaning towards exaggeration; note the huge, clumsy muscles and the too small head, and, above all, the over-accentuation of weariness, amounting to depression. The modified copies of Praxiteles' Aphrodite, such as the Venus dei Medici in Florence, show, too, how the Romans preferred elegance and prettiness to noble form and ideal beauty.

Still, certain noted names stand out among the sculptors of the Roman age.

Pasiteles was one of those artists who, originally natives of Greece, had settled in Rome. We hear that he received the privilege of Roman citizenship about the year 87 B.C. If all we hear of him be true, it was an honour to Rome to acquire such a citizen. For he was an artist of versatile talent, making figures in silver, gold, and ivory, as well as marble and clay; he wrote also a history of Greek sculpture. Another claim to distinction lies in the fact that he founded a school of artists; for there is in the Villa Albani, at Rome, a statue of a youth inscribed with the name of Stephanus,

a pupil of Pasiteles, and in another gallery in Rome a group representing probably a mother and son, by Menelaus, a pupil of Stephanus. There is a certain distinction and grace about the youthful male figures of this school, but something about the straight, slender body and limbs, and square, rather strong shoulders, makes us feel that we are looking at a somewhat mannered, not an entirely natural representation of the human form. It is this effect of mannerism which distinguishes the group called Orestes and Electra, in the Naples Gallery, and points it out as belonging undoubtedly to the Pasitelean school.

Another artist, Arcesilaus, who lived at the same time as Pasiteles — in the first century B.C. — enjoyed very high fame in Rome. He was employed by Julius Cæsar to make the statue of Venus Genetrix for the temple of Venus standing in the Forum Julium constructed by Cæsar. A beautiful figure, draped in a delicate transparent robe, exists in many copies, especially in Rome, but the most notable one, called the Venus Genetrix, stands in the Louvre. As a figure resembling this type and with this title occurs upon certain Roman coins, these are in all probability copies of the temple statue by Arcesilaus. As for the ancient Greek statue, which he probably copied in making this, it has been suggested that this may have been the Aphrodite in the Gardens by Alcamenes.

Arcesilaus also produced fanciful groups, one

representing in marble a number of winged cupids playfully tormenting a lioness which they held imprisoned, while some insisted on making her drink out of a horn, and others tried to put slippers on her feet.

ARCHAISTIC ART.

It is impossible, in treating of the Græco-Roman age, to leave out all mention of what we may call the phenomenon of archaistic sculpture. Few people, if asked to explain the exact difference between archaic and archaistic sculpture, could give a brief, clear answer. And yet, for all their outward similarity, the two things belong to different ages and spring from totally different impulses of mind.

Archaic sculpture is the work of the early sculptors of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., more or less rude, stiff, and cramped. Archaistic sculpture is the imitation of archaic work made by Roman sculptors in the time of the emperors; it is, in fact, the Roman imitation of archaic art. The art of sculpture had declined, style had ceased to grow; Praxiteles and his successors had softened down the forms of the gods, and had achieved consummate skill in rendering the human form with soft, luxurious contours. The Romans were satiated with graceful prettinesses, and a revulsion of feeling took place; a desire arose to return again to the quaint stiffer forms of early art. So,

as it became the fashion to admire archaic works, sculptors copied them; and thus were produced the numbers of archaistic figures and bas-reliefs which we find now in so many galleries of sculpture throughout Europe. But how can we distinguish archaistic from genuinely archaic work? In certain instances it is exceedingly hard to be sure whether a thing is archaic or archaistic. In many reliefs, for example, we may see a row of quaint stiff figures which to an unaccustomed eye look indisputably archaic. Observation and study, however, disclose certain signs of archaistic style, such as a fanciful way of holding an object with the fingers, a dance-step—raising the heel from the ground—whereas archaic figures plant both feet flat on the ground, and also draperies ending in a sort of swallow-tail treatment, with affected over-regularity of fold. But these are not entirely unmistakable tests—for the swallow-tail drapery and a mannered way of holding an object sometimes occur on archaic vase-painting. However, a true test does lie in the discovery of incongruities of style. For instance, there stands in the Museum at Naples a marble figure of Artemis, half life-size, striding forward, with alert, vivid expression, dressed in a long robe. A quiver is strung on her back. The mouth with its set smile, the ears, the chin, the arrangement of the hair, the folds of the drapery, all seem truly archaic—as also is the system on which the statue was coloured. Then

how do we know that this is not an archaic image? Because, though the drapery, pose, smile, look archaic, the modelling of the flesh, cheeks, arms, and feet, is too soft and round for archaic art. There is a union of two elements, a softening of the forms, a touch of a later style which does not chime with its archaic stiffness. In one word, there is incongruity. The copyist could not make an exact copy, he could not get entirely rid of the technique and freer style of a later day. This statue, then, must be a copy by a Roman sculptor of a temple image of the late archaic period. One other statue, an archaistic Athena, at Dresden, may be noticed. It has all the appearance of an antique temple image—until you examine the broad hem of the robe running down to the feet. This is ornamented with a series of small sculptured squares, representing scenes of contest, which are in a free and advanced style impossible in an early age; so the conclusion is irresistible; this is an archaistic copy of an archaic statue of Athena.

ANTINOUS.

The beauty of Antinous was the inspiration of the late age of Greek sculpture. It is said that the Emperor Hadrian, who reigned from 117 to 138 A.D., saw this Bithynian youth on one of his imperial journeys in Asia Minor. Struck by his

wonderful beauty, the emperor brought him back to Rome, and henceforth took him with him on all his journeys. Hadrian's love of culture urged him to encourage art and to collect statues for his marvellous villa. An excursion to the ruins of Hadrian's Villa is now one of the most delightful experiences of visitors to Rome. About the year 130 A.D. Hadrian visited Egypt, and while there was informed by the Egyptian priests that his life was in danger from some mysterious source, but that if a substitute could be found to sacrifice himself Hadrian's life would be spared. The youth Antinous thereupon offered himself up as the victim, threw himself into the Nile, and was drowned. Thus he gave his life for his master; though another version throws a sadder light on the story, and tells how Antinous, after his arrival in Rome, grew so saddened and dejected by the corruption and wickedness of the imperial court, that he voluntarily drowned himself, unable to bear longer the change from his simple boyhood in the country.

At anyrate, the extravagant grief of the emperor at the death of Antinous knew no bounds. He erected temples to him both in Egypt and Greece, and caused numberless statues, busts, and reliefs of him to be made. In fact, the features of Antinous impressed themselves on the sculpture of the day to such an extent that even now, among the remains saved from the vast host of lost statues

of ancient Rome, a notable number consist of statues and busts of Antinous.

There is much beauty in the melancholy face ; the report of his sadness seems strangely borne out by the representations of him—the head is usually bent downward, the brow inclined in brooding thought, the expression sombre, as if the sadness of things weighed upon his spirit. Among all the representations of him we may mention the beautiful bust in the Sala Rotonda of the Vatican, also the statue in the same hall, the relief in the Villa Albani, the statue in the Capitol (in the Room of the Dying Gaul), the bust in the Louvre, and the fine head in the British Museum.

We can do no more than barely touch on the fact that there was one department of sculpture which the Romans took up and developed with active interest—that of statues and busts of eminent persons. The Romans certainly loved to make portraits of people ; one need only walk through the halls of the Vatican and Capitol and other sculpture galleries of Europe to be convinced of this. Many chapters would be needed to discuss the statues and busts of the Roman emperors alone. No one visiting the Vatican should overlook the splendid statue of Augustus, standing, clad in richly decorated armour, in the Braccio Nuovo ; or the superb heads of three

Roman empresses—Plotina, Julia, and Faustina—in the Sala Rotonda.

But this is too large a subject to enter upon here. The Roman portraits of emperors, empresses, noted men, Roman ladies, certain of these last seated with charming ease and dignity, can best be studied face to face in galleries and museums.



Fig. 30.—SEATED HERMES (NAPLES).
(*G. Brogi, Phot.*)

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

"**B**EAUTY that the earth hath lost,"—this line of Keats expresses a sad truth about Greek sculpture. Galleries there are in plenty, but what do they contain compared with what they might have contained? One room, indeed, seems to make us realise this—the Room of Bronze Statues in the Naples Museum. There sits Hermes, winged-footed, resting after his swift flight (Fig. 30). Before seeing him we may perhaps have had a lurking wonder why Zeus entrusted his errands to such a frolicsome herald—a light-hearted, tricky youth. But this Hermes, pensive and meditative, shows the other side of his nature. This Hermes, youthful as he is, yet knows the secrets of Zeus, has been entrusted with weighty commissions, has guided souls down the mysterious road to Hades, nay, has himself descended thither and brought Persephone out of the gloom up to the sunlight. Near him sleeps a young faun, his parted lips almost seeming to breathe. The two alert, eager boys behind crane forward "in act to dive." Other

figures there are, scarcely touched by time, in wonderful unconscious attitudes, all but three—the curious statues with enamelled eyes, of women arrayed in the long sleeveless chiton, falling to the feet in stiff, straight folds. Their attitudes are conscious enough, especially that of the middle one.

“Here we are,” the bronzes seem to say, “risen from the grave where we lay buried for seventeen hundred years ; perfect, alert, vivid as on the day when Vesuvius poured its wrath upon us and—preserved us for resurrection. But, alas ! we are preserved to the world only that the world may know through us what it has lost. Where are the priceless bronzes of antiquity, the masterpieces of the great sculptors of old, the gods, the goddesses, the myriad statues set up at Olympia ? Shattered, vanished, and we only are left to hint their beauty to you.”

Perhaps to a very few it is granted, after long study and wandering in many sculpture galleries, to build for themselves a shadowy dream-gallery, and to imagine that they see there some of those lost statues of old—the Sosandra of Calamis, the Aphrodite in the Gardens of Alcamenes, the Ladas of Myron, the Hera of Polycleitus, the Mænad of Scopas, the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, the Kairos of Lysippus—to say nothing of the creations of Pheidias. But to do that is well-nigh impossible, and we are left to picture faintly that ancient world of ideal beauty from the few Greek

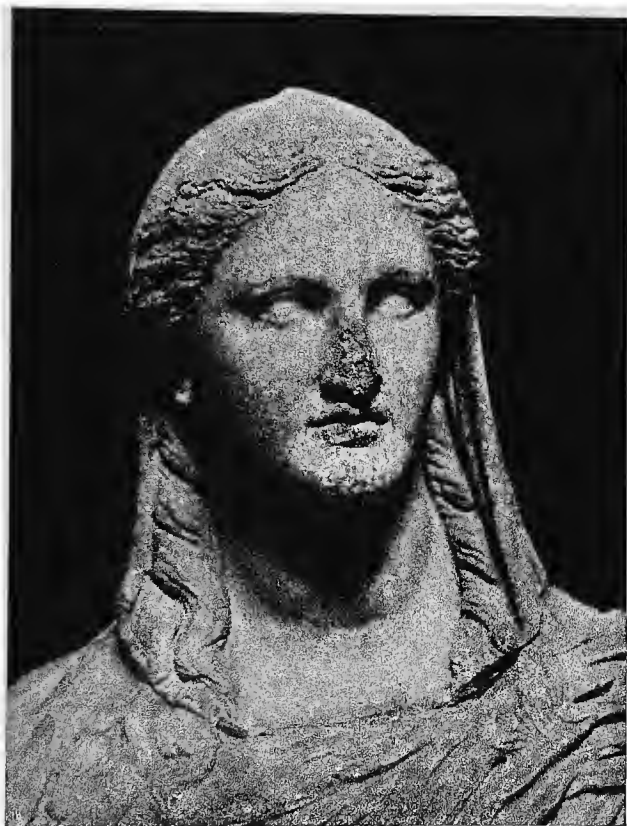


Fig. 31.—HEAD OF DEMETER OF CNIDUS (BRIT. MUS.).
(*W. Mansell & Co.*)

originals and the Roman copies left to us. Still there are among them shapes of antique beauty imbued with the special quality of Greek art at its best—ideality. We have spoken elsewhere of the Parthenon sculptures; no one, when visiting the British Museum, ought to overlook the seated statue of Demeter, found at Cnidus, a statue of the fourth century B.C., the work probably of some contemporary of Scopas or Praxiteles. The face of the goddess, beautiful, sad and sweet, is the face of one who has known grief, and Demeter indeed knew sorrow as she wandered over the country, wearied and heart-sore, looking for her lost child (Fig. 31).

Then the lovely, simple, quiet relief in the Villa Albani at Rome (another example is in the Museum of Naples, another in the Louvre) carries us back into this lost world whose art was natural and serene, with lines harmonious and spaces exquisitely filled (Fig. 32). Orpheus is parting from his wife Eurydice; Hermes behind her takes her by the hand to lead her back to Hades. The story of Orpheus is one of the sweetest and saddest of Greek legends. Having lost Eurydice by death, his sorrow was so great that he descended to Hades in search of her. Pluto was prevailed upon to allow Eurydice to return to earth, but he made the condition that Orpheus should go before her and should not look round until they had safely reached the upper world. Alas for Orpheus! Just before he passed out, overborne by an irresistible

impulse, he gave one glance behind. Eurydice was borne back to the lower world, lost to him through his own impatience.

We have touched in this book upon the rise, progress, and decline of Greek sculpture. It seemed impossible to bring art to Rome and then leave her there. We shall go back to Greece, and say farewell to her in the Street of Tombs at Athens. For there abides still that most beautiful spirit of Attic art, which with its grace and tenderness adorns the stelæ set up in memory of the dead. These stelæ are so tranquil, portraying no violent outburst of grief, only the hand held up to the head in token of sorrow. The only quotation applicable to the place seems to be that from Milton: "Nothing is here for tears, nothing but well and fair."

This Street of Tombs was the road annually trodden by the procession of the initiated on their way to the Mysteries at Eleusis. They must have seen the monument to Dexilaus, the youthful Athenian who was killed in battle in 394 B.C. But he does not appear on his tombstone defeated and overborne, but mounted on horseback, triumphantly vanquishing a fallen foe. For they commemorated his valour and dauntless spirit. Near Dexilaus stands the sweet, serious stelé of Hegeso, in quiet relief. This is just a simple everyday scene. Hegeso sits in her beautiful chair, her serving-maid stands before her holding her jewel-case, and

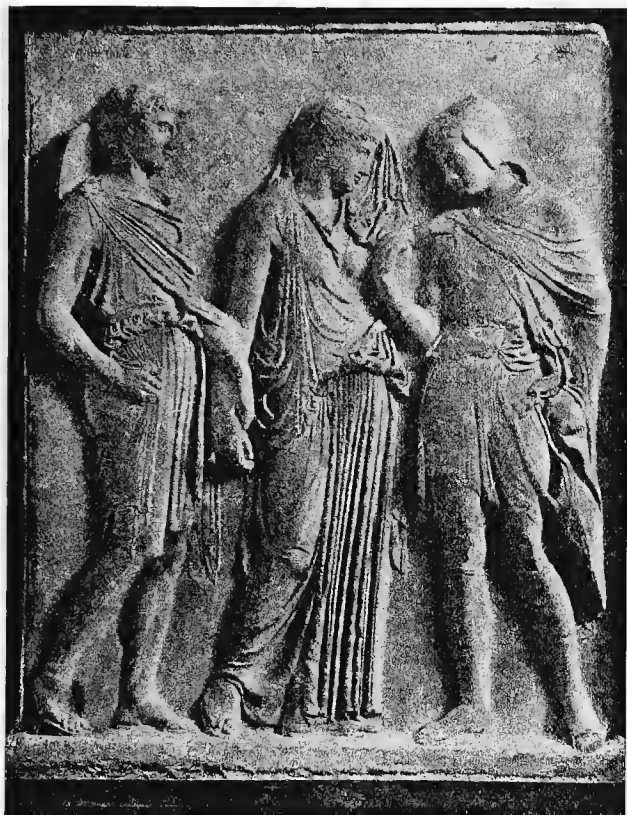


Fig. 32.—RELIEF OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE (NAPLES).
(*G. Brogi, Phot.*)

from it Hegeso lifts an ornament. Behind Dexilaus is the stelé of Demetria and Pamphile, one sitting, one standing; their statues are life-size, and nearly in the round. Not far off, on another tombstone, a wife is saying farewell to her husband. Indeed, we should leave the Street of Tombs and wander among the multitude of stelæ in the Athens Museum to realise in fuller measure the simple charm and pathos of the family groups sculptured on the Attic tombstones. Husband and friends are often gathered about the chair of the wife and mother, who takes a tender, calm farewell.

Truth and restraint in art—that is the lesson which the Attic stelæ teach us; a sweet, simple echo of the great message of the Golden Age.

Pausanias saw what we can never see save with the eyes of imagination—the Acropolis crowned with the Parthenon stately and complete, the gleaming goddess within it, other temples and buildings, and around and within them a wondrous throng of statues. Indeed, had it been granted to us to pass along the streets and open spaces of the city of Athens itself, and through the coasts and valleys of Greece, visiting her other towns and temples, also her cities in Asia Minor and the Greek islands, above all, her great sanctuaries of Delphi and Olympia, and to have seen the vast host, the countless number of statues in bronze, marble, gold, and ivory, gleaming in her temples,

ranged in her public places, adorning her squares and streets, hallowing her sacred groves, clustering about her great shrines, we must have said, "Surely to this nation has been revealed the secret of the art of sculpture."

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